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1861

June, Siberia: Anarchist *Michael Alexandrovitch Bakunin* escapes from Siberian exile to the California coast. After a decade of captivity (condemned to death and reprieved by the Saxon crown for his role in trying to overturn the monarchy, condemned to death and reprieved by the Czech government for rousing the Czechs of Prague against their Hapsburg ruler, and finally condemned to death by his native Russia for his revolutionary agitating—eventually mitigated to life in Petropawlawski prison where he remained for several years until his exile) *Bakunin* emerges feeling more bitter of and hateful towards authority than ever and yet still *as free as nature first made me, Ere the base laws of servitude began, When wild in woods the noble savage ran.*

1866

May 23, St. Petersburg: A member of the secret organization **Hell**, **Demetrius Karakozov**, fires a shot at Tsar Alexander II as he steps into his carriage. When police and bystanders wrestle the assailant to the ground he shouts *You fools! I've done this for you!* When brought before the Emperor and asked why he shot at him **Karakozov** replies *Look at the freedom you gave the peasants!*

After tracking **Karakozov's** trail and raiding his hotel room, police find a letter addressed to the peasantry and factory workers. *Brothers, I have long [wondered] why my beloved simple Russian people has to suffer so much! Why next to the peasant and the labourer in his factory are people who do nothing—idle nobles, a horde of officials and other wealthy people, all living in shining houses? They live on the shoulders of the*

simple people; they suck the peasants' blood. The man responsible is the Tsar. It is the Tsars who through centuries have built up the organization of the State and the army; they who have [given] the land to the nobles. [The Tsar] is the people's worst enemy. So I have decided to destroy the evil Tsar, and to die for my beloved people. Then we will have real freedom; land will no longer belong to the idlers but to the artels and to societies of the workers themselves; capital too will belong to the artels and the workers.

1876

January 24, St. Petersburg: Narodnik **Vera Zasulich** walks into the local prison and shoots Dmitry Trepov, the Governor General of St. Petersburg. When the charismatic **Zasulich** is tried for attempted murder, the jury is sympathetic to her (knowing she acted in response

to the police beating a comrade) and acquits her. Afterwards police try to re-arrest her outside the courthouse, and an angry mob attacks them, giving *Zasulich* the opportunity to escape.

Late June, St. Petersburg: Anarchist *Pyotr Kropotkin* escapes from jail. Originally arrested in March of 1874 as the anarchist peasant *Bordoin*, police quickly realize after raiding the propagandist's apartment that the fiery worker-orator *Bordoin* is also the Russian Prince *Kropotkin*. Police question the anarchist (who refuses to give any information) and take quick steps to pay workers to testify against him.

Kropotkin suffers the same fate as hundreds of revolutionaries—the Peter and Paul Fortress, where cells are damp and intentionally kept uncomfortably warm. There the anarchist goes weeks without human contact (save a bizarre visit from Grand

Prince Nikolai Nikolaevich, the Tsar's brother) and is occasionally let outside to walk.

After spending 21 months in Peter and Paul, his trial fast approaching, and his rheumatism (developed in the warm, damp cells) worsening, *Kropotkin* is moved to the St. Petersburg House of Detention. His new home, a show place for foreign visitors, accommodates him with a four foot-wide cell that leads to severe claustrophobia and dizzy spells whenever he tries to pace.

Kropotkin's sister, who is allowed to visit, convinces a physician to move him to a military hospital. From there his health improves greatly (unbeknownst to doctors and guards) and makes it possible for him to concoct an escape plan.

The elaborate getaway, however, does not go through on the

intended date (red balloons that are meant to signal the all-clear are not snuck in on time.) *Kropotkin's* friends devise a new plan and smuggle it to him in a watch presented to him as a gift.

By the next evening the anarchist's friends are taking him to a luxurious restaurant to celebrate and to hide him while they wait for the appropriate time to smuggle him across the Finish border.

1877

April 3, San Lupo: Three revolutionaries eager to put theory into action rent a room in the Taverna Jacobelli and begin to unload large wooden crates filled with guns. The three are believed to be anarchist *Errico Malatesta*, a Russian narodnik and her lover, insurgent *Sergius Stepniak*. Twenty-four more conspirators (including

anarchists *Carlo Cafiero*, *Pietro Cesar Ceccarelli*, and *Antonio Cornacchia*) arrive over the next two days, which begins to draw the attention of local authorities.

April 5, San Lupo: Enticed by money, Salvatore Farina turns informer and tips off the carabinieri of the plot to overthrow governments of the surrounding countryside. The carabinieri attempt to arrest the residents of the room who greet the intruders with gunshots: paralyzing one cop and killing another. The shootout allows the other conspirators enough time to load up most of the supplies and retreat into the surrounding woods to regroup.

April 8, Letino: Having marched for the last two days the insurgents parade into downtown Letino, black and red flags in the front. They interrupt a meeting of the small town by sacking the records

buildings: dragging property records, tax receipts, and other bureaucratic nonsense out into the town square where the locals gather for the bonfire. Money and arms from the government building are distributed throughout the crowd. One of the conspirators makes a speech proclaiming King Emmanuelle II decaying and the social republic born. The crowd screams for immediate redistribution of the land to which the speaker replies *You have arms. You are free. Partition the land yourself.* Then, to the shock of the insurgents a local priest steps up next to the speaker and proclaims the armed band to be the true disciples of christ and proceeds to lead everyone to the next town over, Gallo, yelling all the way *Long live the social revolution!*

Gallo: The insurgents are met by the local priest, Father Tamopurini,

who calms his flock saying *Fear nothing. They are honest folk; there has been a change of government and a burning of the register.* Everyone embraces each other weeping and shouting. The crowds burn the local registers, distribute the muskets of the national guard and proceed to the mill where tax records and the machines for calculating them are destroyed. The festivities are cut short, however, with the news of advancing troops. The conspirators flee into the surrounding woods where they freeze and starve over the next three days until they surrender.

1878

May 11, Berlin: Anarchist *Emil Max Hödel* attempts to kill 82-year-old Kaiser Wilhelm I. Using a revolver Hödel fires a shot at the

sovereign while he and his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, parade in their carriage. After missing his target, the anarchist runs across the street and fires another round. In the commotion that ensues, one of the individuals trying to apprehend Hödel suffers such severe internal injuries, he dies two days later.

The State convicts **Hödel** after a photographer who took **Hödel's** picture days before the incident testifies that after he took the picture **Hödel** said he would sell thousands once *a certain piece of information was hashed through the world*.

June 2, Berlin: Anarchist **Dr. Karl Eduard Nobiling** uses a double-barreled gun to maim Kaiser Wilhelm I. **Nobiling** waits in his apartment, leveling the gun at the passing sovereign's head—almost at the exact location as **Hödel** had—and once the Emperor is directly

in front of him, fires two shots. The Emperor clutches his face, and the crowd thinks he is going to die, but despite the heavy dose of shot in his head, back, arms, and hands he does not. However, after turning the gun on himself *Nobiling* does, many days later. *The suppression of monarchs [is] necessary for the good of the Commonwealth.*

After the two attempts on his life, Kaiser Wilhelm I leaves Berlin and, while away, receives many threatening letters concerning what might happen if he is to return home.

August 4, St. Petersburg: *Stepniak* stabs to death the head of the Russian secret police, General Nikolai Mezentsov. *Stepniak*, who fought alongside anarchist *Errico Malatesta* during the Benevento uprising in 1877, kills the general in retaliation for the murder of fellow revolutionary, *Ivan Kovalsky*.

October 25, Madrid: Anarchist *Juan Oliva Moncasi* fires two shots, trying to kill King Alphonse XII of Spain. A frenzied crowd overwhelms the fleeing assassin and almost lynches him. *Moncasi* is imprisoned and interrogated for three months, but says nothing more of his plot than that he had arrived in town a fortnight beforehand with the express purpose of killing the king. At *Moncasi's* execution a crowd of 50,000 gather to watch his garroting.

November 17, Naples: Anarchist *Giovanni Paissanante* attacks King Umberto I while he rides along the Via Toledo. While stabbing the Italian king in the arm, *Paissanante* yells *My bosses have always treated me as scum! Death to the king! Long live the universal republic!* In the ensuing scuffle *Paissanante* stabs Minister Benedetto Cairoli—also riding in the carriage—in the thigh.

Rather than an attempt upon the life of the king, against whom I have nothing personal, it was meant as a deathblow against the monarchy, a protest and a chastisement to the starvelings acclaiming him because it brought home to them the slavery of their bellies, their poverty, and their hunger.

Sympathy marches for the wounded spring up all around the newly-united Italy, momentarily bringing unity to the warring republican, monarchical, and clerical factions. However, at two of these marches—one of students and the other of the Corp of Veterans (at which bombs are thrown into the procession, killing three). The bombs are believed to be the work of anarchists.

Paissanante is sentenced to death, but reprieved by the King to life imprisonment.

1879

February 9, Ukraine: Anarchist *Grigori Goldenberg* shoots to death the Governor-General of Kharkov, Dmitri Kropotkin.

March 13, St. Petersburg: *Leon Mirskogo* shoots at the newly-appointed chief of gendarmes, A. R. Drentelna.

April 2, St. Petersburg: Nihilist *Alexander Solovev* tries to kill Tsar Alexander II in the Palace Square, firing two shots at the Emperor.

April 22, Naples: Since King Umberto is willing to spend 24,000 lire on horse-racing (follows *Acciarito*'s logic) but not on the poor, *Pietro Umberto Acciarito* decides to stab the king while he gambles on horses. Missing the monarch, *Acciarito* carves an A into the sovereign's carriage before running away.

Acciarito and *Paissanante* wind-up serving life sentences in

the same asylum.

November 7, Moscow: Narodnaya Volya members *Sophie Perovskaia* and *Leo Hartmann* plant explosives along the track Tsar Alexander II will soon be traveling. Poor timing results in the imperial luggage van being blown to pieces.

1880

February 5, St. Petersburg: Narodnaya Volya member *Stephan Khalturin* lands a job as a carpenter at the Winter Palace and quickly goes about smuggling in dynamite and stockpiling it in his bedding. *Khalturin* builds a mine in the palace's basement and, on the night of the Tsar hosting dinner for Prince Alexander of Battenburg, detonates the explosives. The bomb goes off before the meal starts

(the prince is running late) and doesn't harm any of the royalty, but kills eight and wounds 45,—most of whom are members of the Finnish Guard.

The purpose of terrorist activities... is to break the spell of governmental power, to give constant proof of the possibility of fighting against the government, to strengthen in this way the revolutionary spirit of the people and its faith in the success of its cause, and, finally, to create cadres suited and accustomed to combat.

Alexander Kvyatkovsky, the go-between for **Khalturin** and other Narodnaya Volya members, is caught in October and executed shortly thereafter.

August 17, St. Petersburg: Narodnaya Volya attempts to kill the Tsar by blowing up the Kamenny Bridge. A team of assassins plants four

rubber sacks filled with approximately 250 pounds of nitroglycerine at the base of the bridge, leaving the detonators on a float nearby where peasants did their laundry. The plan is for *Andrei Zhelyabov* and a sympathetic worker, *Vasily Teterka*, to row out to the float where *Teterka* will wash potatoes while *Zhelyabrov* connects the wires with a battery and detonate the dynamite. However, there is a confusion about the meeting time and the attempt never goes through.

1881

July 12, Rome: During the nighttime funeral procession of Pope Pius IX (a hallmark of conservative, reactionary thought and champion of the Confederate States of America, among other things), an anti-clerical crowd begins to form and heckle the Pontiff's parade. The

taunts start off slow as the procession makes its way towards Verano Cemetery, but gradually increase with hecklers hurling insults, profanity, blasphemous remarks, body gestures, and rocks at the march. The clergy respond with Hail Marys and Psalms. When the coffin crosses the Tiber, the night reaches its climax as the crowd rushing the corpse chanting *Death to the Pope!* and *Death to Priests!* and *almost* succeeds in dumping the pope's three-years-dead body into the river.

March 1, St. Petersburg: Having failed eight previous times, **Narodnaya Volya** assassinates Tsar Alexander II. Four volunteers with four bombs each position themselves along alternative routes the Tsar takes as he parades through the streets near the Winter Palace. The first two bombers, *Nikolai Rysakov* and *Timofei Mikhailov*, miss the coach by inches, and the Tsar descends his carriage to aid a wounded

bystander. *Thank God, I am safe* he is heard to say a moment before **Ignacy Hryniewiecki** steps out of the crowd of onlookers and detonates his bomb, killing himself and the Tsar.

1882

March 8, Paris: Wide-spread unemployment prompts the anarchist cabinetmakers' chamber of trade to host a rally on the Esplanade des Invalides. As police disperse the crowd, the ex-workers divide themselves into two sizeable groups: one sets off for the Elysee Palace, only to be broken up quickly; the other races towards the Boulevard Saint-Germain. Having thoroughly looted the block of its food and expensive goods, the group carries on to the Place Maubert where a heavy confrontation ensues between rioters and police.

March 20, Odessa: Nihilists kill Russian General Strelnikov.

October 23, Paris: In response to authorities rounding up dozens of anarchists, anarchist *Jean Renaud* plants a bomb in a cafe on the Place Bellecour. The blast kills a man named Miodre as well as wounding several others.

France: *It was in 1882 that the French Anarchists first began to practice the so-called Propaganda by Deed. A strike, for which the employers or rather their managers were largely to blame, occurred among the miners of Montceau-les-Mines and Blanzy (Saone-et-Loire), from which localities the famous foundries and engineering works of Le Creusot chiefly derive their coal. The advent of some revolutionary leaders from Paris, but more particularly of several militant Anarchists from Lyons, greatly fanned the excitement, and deplorable excesses occurred. It was now that dynamite*

previously brought into play by the Nihilists and the members of the Irish Physical Force Party resident in America—began to figure in French risings. There were numerous explosions around Montceau, and on one occasion a chapel, that of Bois Duverne, was completely destroyed. The government (President Grevy's sixth ministry, headed by M. Duclerc, with M. Fallieres at the Interior and General Billot at the War Office) intervened very energetically, however; troops were despatched to the spot, the rising was suppressed, and nine of the ringleaders were tried and sentenced at Riom to imprisonment, much to the displeasure of the French Anarchists generally, and notably those of Lyons.

1886

February 23, Belgium: A bomb that anarchists **Antoine Cyvoct** and **Paul Sharecropper** are transporting unexpectedly explodes. The blast

kills *Sharecropper* and gets *Cyvot* arrested. The surviving anarchist has been on the lam since the Lawsuit of the 66 where he and dozens of other anarchists and anarchist-sympathizers were tried and convicted for their alleged involvement in Place Bellecour bombing.

The State imprisons *Cyvot* and does not release him until 1898.

March 5, Paris: Anarchist *Charles Gallo* tosses a bottle of hydrocyanic acid into the Stock Exchange. The bottle does not explode, but spreads a bad stink and sets off a panic. *Gallo* then draws a revolver and randomly fires five shots without hitting anyone. At his trial three months later, *Gallo* insists on voicing his opinion of the proceedings, mocks the law, and is eventually thrown out of the courtroom when he stands and declares to the jury *La mort aux juges*

bourgeois! Vive la Révolution sociale! Vive l'anarchie! Vive la dynamite!

October 25, Paris: Anarchist *Clément Duval* breaks into the home of a Parisian socialite and steals 15,000 francs from her. While destroying loot too large to carry away, *Duval* accidentally sets the apartment on fire.

November 8, Paris: *Duval* attempts to pawn jewelry from the October 25th heist. The broker calls the authorities who promptly arrive and after a brief scuffle (during which *Duval* punches a cop), *Duval* is arrested.

1887

January 11, Paris: *Duval* proclaims the nature of his crimes, and denounces the government and ruling class for their exploitation of himself and fellow workers. The packed courtroom erupts to

Duval's declarations and fistfights between police and supporters break out after bailiffs cart **Duval** away (as he screams *Vive l'Anarchie!*). With the judge and jury hiding in back rooms, **Duval** is not permitted to speak—his closing remarks appear in the pages of *Revolte: Theft exists only through the exploitation of man by man... when Society refuses you the right to exist, you must take it... the policeman arrested me in the name of the Law, I struck him in the name of Liberty.*

March 13, St. Petersburg: Narodnaya Voyla attempts to kill Tsar Alexander III, by positioning themselves along his parade route. However, secret police arrest the group before the Emperor struts by.

1890

May 1, Andalusia: Large worker marches (many sponsored by

anarchists or anarchist unions) overwhelm police.

1891

January 9, Xerez: Following the execution of four from the Andalusia May Day, a band of five hundred local workers armed with pruning hooks, scythes, and a few revolvers storm the prison screaming *La muerte a la Burguesía!* and *Viva la revolución social!* The attempt to free remaining radicals is cut short when the Civil Guard rallies at the gates, and the band focuses its attention on attacking the Town Hall in hopes of holding the city.

A month later (February 16) with gun barrels leveled at them, anarchists *Lamela*, *Busique*, and *Librijano* scream *Viva anarquía!* A fourth anarchist executed for inciting the uprising,

Zarzuela, declares, *People of Xerez! Let no one say we died as cowards. It is your task to avenge us against this new inquisition!*

May 1, Europe: Radicals have a genuinely rowdy time:

Barcelona: Workers leave the factories, and a general strike for the eight-hour work day begins.

France: Workers in Lille, Roubaix, and Douai take the day off, raucous marches are reported in Marseilles, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, red and black flag wavers clash with the cavalry in Lyon, glass-workers and cotton-spinners in Fourmies throw rocks until police kill nine and dynamite is heard throughout Nantes and Charleville, but nothing catches the anarchists' attention more than the events in Clichy-Levallois.

After a rally where the corrupt bourgeois Republic is

denounced (in the usual fashion), anarchists take to the streets behind the red flag of the Commune, an action that gives police the legal pretense to disperse them. Upon trying to do so police are met with great resistance that quickly escalates to a shootout. The use of the red banner is a common crime committed by French radicals, one that rarely culminates in more than a few days in jail (and only when jurists are wanting to make severe examples), however, since the three arrests involve revolvers, the prosecutor of the three (severely beaten and tortured) anarchists requests death sentences. The jury finds there were extreme circumstances surrounding the use of fire arms by *Decamp* and *Dardare*, which the judge ignores and gives the highest penalty the law allows: three and five years—hard labor.

May 2, Barcelona: Production grinds to a halt, while workers busy

themselves fighting cops. By night fall a state of war has been declared.

May 3, Barcelona: Anarchists detonate a bomb at the headquarters of Fomento del Trabajo Nacional—a reactionary association of Barcelona manufacturers and employers.

May 14, Saint Etean Bonnefonds: On a tip that Baroness Rochetaillee has been buried with her jewelry, anarchist *Comdamné Ravachol* plans some late night mischief. Scaling a cemetery wall, *Ravachol* raises her tombstone (allegedly weighing 120 kilos), tears off the oak lid of the coffin (held in place by three iron bands) and breaks the lead casing, only to find nothing more than a wooden cross with the cadaver.

June 19, Chamblés: *Ravachol* enters the hut of a famous hermit and strangles him. The booty is so great *Ravachol* must return the next

day with a cart to haul away the £1,600.

December 31, London: Anarchist *John Evelyn Barlas*, author of *Phantasmagoria*, fires several shots at the House of Parliament around 9 am *Barlas* then surrenders his weapon to an officer, stating *I am an anarchist... What I have done is to show my contempt for the House of Commons.*

1892

March 11, Paris: *Ravachol* bombs the house of Benoit, the Supreme Court of Appeals Judge who conducted the trial against the Clichy-Levallois anarchists sentenced to three and five years after a rowdy May Day parade. The home withstands £1,6000 in damage.

March 18, Paris: Anarchist *Théodule Meunier* plants a bomb in Lobau Barracks, which promptly explodes. *La société bourgeoise n'en a pas*

pour aussi longtemps! Courage, copains, et vive l'anarchie!

March 27, Paris: *Ravachol* hits the house of Bulot, the Deputy Prosecutor of the Republic who had pushed for death sentences for the Clichy-Levallois anarchists. Six individuals are severely injured and the house suffers £6,000 worth of damage.

March 30, Paris: While dining at the Café Véry *Ravachol* boasts of his recent exploits to his waiter who quickly informs the police. When authorities come to arrest him, *Ravachol* climbs some scaffolding and bellows out the anticlerical song “Pere Duchene.” The anarchist makes no attempt to feign innocence, proudly professes all his crimes and tells police *if I had not been taken I would not have been satisfied with these explosions. None of those who had helped prosecute our friends would have escaped.*

Months later when the Judge reads to **Ravachol** his death sentence, *Ravachol* merely stands and screams *Vive l'anarchie!*—he only regrets not taking more precautions in regards to the *household servants who are members of the downtrodden class.*

From prison **Ravachol** says he chose to act, wanting a world with *No more wars, no more quarrels, no more jealousy, no more theft, no more murder, no more judges, no more police, no more administration.* On his way to the guillotine a priest offers **Ravachol** absolution for his sins and crimes, to which he yells *take away your crucifix! If you show it to me I shall spit upon it!* As the guillotine drops, **Ravachol** cries *Vive la Re-.*

April 25, Paris: On the eve of **Ravachol's** trial, **Meunier** bombs the Café Véry. *I do not regret nothing, I did only that which I had to do; if this were to recommence, I would do same.*

May 1, Rio: To avenge the State-killed Andalusians, anarchist *Paulino Pallás* throws a petard into the Alcantara de Rio theatre shouting *Viva l'Anarquía!* No one is hurt, and the Brazilian audience bursts into cheers.

July 23, Pittsburgh: Anarchist *Alexander Berkman* attempts to assassinate Carnegie Steel chairman, Henry Clay Frick. Following the killing of ten scab-blocking, Homestead Steel strikers by Pinkertons, *Berkman* enters Frick's office, fires two shots into his neck and a third that misses, and then, after being struck in the head with a hammer, crawls to Frick and stabs him twice in the thigh with a poisoned dirk knife.

September 24, Catalonia: *Pallás* throws two bombs at the Captain-General Arsenio Martínez Campos as he oversees a military parade. *Pallás* makes no attempt to hide or escape, but throws his cap into

the air shouting *Viva l'Anarquía!* The attentat only scratches Martínez, but does manage to kill the horse the general is riding, a member of the Civil Guard, and three generals. Eight other bystanders die, however many believe it is the shots fired by the soldiers in the ensuing chaos that kill most of them. Before the firing squad *Pallás* echoes the motto of the south, *Venganza será terrible!*

November 8, Paris: A bomb is found in the Paris offices of the Carmaux Mining Company. Police remove the bomb and take it back to their cop shop where it promptly explodes. Five cops die, and anarchist *Emile Henry* later takes credit for the action.

1893

January 27, Birmingham: Anarchist *Christopher Charles Davis* stands

trial for smashing a £25 jeweler's window with bricks wrapped in copies of "The Walsall Anarchist" and expropriating 12 rings, valued at £100. *I ought not to be charged with stealing at all but with taking them. I had no intention of keeping them at all; I merely wished to throw them into the road to give other people the chance of taking them.* As the court commits **Davis**, he screams *Hurrah for Anarchy!* Fellow anarchists **George Cores** and **Billy MacQueen** are arrested and severely beaten, for echoing the cheer from the gallery.

February 4, Birmingham: After a group of anarchists draws lots, one smashes a shop window, and when a bobby grabs him shouts *Three cheers for Anarchy!*

Between **Davis'** trial and the February 4 attack, fifteen shop windows are smashed and goods are taken, with police making only

two arrests.

September 23, Barcelona: Anarchists attempted to assassinate General Arsenio Martínez Campos while he presides over a military parade.

November 7, Barcelona: Anarchist ***Santiago Salvador*** (close friend of ***Pallás***) buys a ticket for the opening night at the Liceu Opera House, and in the second act of Rossini's *William Tell*, tosses two bombs down into the stalls packed with the city's most notable families. Only the first bomb explodes, killing 22 and wounding 30.

In prison ***Salvador*** feigns a religious conversion to rally the support of Jesuits and the wives of the aristocracy, who unsuccessfully petition for a stay of execution. To the shock of his supporters ***Salvador*** declares from the gaffolds *Look, I die satisfied, because I have*

been able to deceive the smartest people around, deceive everybody including the Jesuits. By lying to that priest they haven't tortured me and I was able to eat and drink my fill. Then screams Viva l'Anarquía!

November 13, Paris: Anarchist **Léon-Jules Léauthier** declares to friends *I'm going to stab the first bourgeois I find*, which happens to be the Minister of Serbia. The sovereign is seriously wounded when **Léauthier** attacks him screaming *Crever un bourgeois!*

December 9, France: Inspired by **Salvador**, Anarchist **Auguste Vaillant** throws a nail bomb from the second row of the public gallery in the French National Assembly: 20 delegates are wounded. The act is symbolic and not meant to kill anyone, only injury a few deputies in response to the execution of **Ravachol**.

I have seen capital come, like a vampire, to suck the last drop of

blood of the unfortunate pariahs. Then I came back to France where it was reserved for me to see my family suffer atrociously. This was the last drop in the cup of my sorrow. Tired of leading this life of suffering and cowardice I carried this bomb to those who are primarily responsible for social misery.

From the guillotine **Vallaint** yells, *A mort la société bourgeoise et vive l'anarchie!*

1894

February 12 Paris: Eight days after the guillotining of fellow anarchist, **Auguste Vaillant**, **Emile Henry** throws a bomb into the Café Terminus, a restaurant built over a section of street violently fought over by anarchists and communards during the collapse of the Paris Commune. Twenty patrons of the Café are injured and a man named Borde is killed. As the bomber flees the scene by-standers pursue,

prompting *Henry* to fire his revolver behind him as he runs. Henry is eventually apprehended, and at no point tries to hide his beliefs—as shown in these closing remarks.

It is not a defense that I present to you. I am not in any way seeking to escape the reprisals of the society I have attacked. Besides, I acknowledge only one tribunal -myself, and the verdict of any other is meaningless to me. I wish merely to give you an explanation of my acts and to tell you how I was led to perform them.

I have been an anarchist for only a short time. It was as recently as the middle of the year 1891 that I entered the revolutionary movement. Up to that time, I had lived in circles entirely imbued with current morality. I had been accustomed to respect and even to love the principles of fatherland and family, of authority and property.

For teachers in the present generation too often forget one thing; it is that life, with its struggles and defeats, its injustices and iniquities, takes upon itself indiscreetly to open the eyes of the ignorant to reality. This happened to me, as it happens to everyone. I had been told that life was easy, that it was wide open to those who were intelligent and energetic; experience showed me that only the cynical and the servile were able to secure good seats at the banquet.

I had been told that our social institutions were founded on justice and equality; I observed all around me nothing but lies and impostures.

Each day I shed an illusion. Everywhere I went, I witnessed the same miseries among some, and the same joys among others. I was not slow to understand that the grand words I had been taught to venerate: honor, devotion, duty were only the mask that concealed the most shameful baseness.

The manufacturer who created a colossal fortune out of the toil of workers who lacked everything was an honest gentleman. The deputy and the minister, their hands ever open for bribes, were devoted to the public good. The officer who experimented with a new type of rifle on children of seven had done his duty, and, openly in parliament, the president of the council congratulated him! Everything I saw revolted me, and my intelligence was attracted by criticism of the existing social organization. Such criticism has been made too often for me to repeat it. It is enough to say that I became the enemy of a society that I judged to be criminal.

Drawn at first to socialism, I was not slow in separating myself from that party. I have too much love of freedom, too much respect for individual initiative, too much repugnance for military organization, to assume a number in the ordered army of the fourth estate. Besides, I realized

that basically socialism changes nothing in the existing order. It maintains the principle of authority, and, whatever self-styled free-thinkers may say about it, that principle is no more than the antiquated survival of faith in a superior power.

Scientific studies gradually made me aware of the play of natural forces in the universe. I became materialist and atheist; I came to realize that modern science discards the hypothesis of God, of which it has no need. In the same way, religious and authoritarian morality, which are based on false assumptions, should be allowed to disappear. What then, I asked myself, was the new morality in harmony with the laws of nature that might regenerate the old world and give birth to a happy humanity?

It was at this moment that I came into contact with a group of anarchist comrades whom I consider, even today, among the best I have ever

known. The character of these individuals immediately captivated me. I discerned in them a great sincerity, a total frankness, a searching distrust of all prejudices, and I wanted to understand the idea that produced a group of people so different from anyone I had encountered up to that point.

The idea—as soon as I embraced it—found in my mind a soil completely prepared by observation and personal reflection to receive it. It merely gave precision to what already existed there in vague and wavering form. In my turn I became an anarchist.

I do not need to develop on this occasion the whole theory of anarchism. I merely wish to emphasize its revolutionary aspect, the destructive and negative aspect that brings me here before you.

*At this moment of embittered struggle between the middle class and its enemies, I am almost tempted to say, with Souvarine in *Germinal*: ‘All*

discussions about the future are criminal, since they hinder pure and simple destruction and slow down the march of the revolution....'

I brought with me into the struggle a profound hatred which every day was renewed by the spectacle of this society where everything is base, everything is equivocal, everything is ugly, where everything is an impediment to the outflow of human passions, to the generous impulses of the heart, to the free flight of thought.

I wanted to strike as strongly and as justly as I could. Let us start then with the first attempt I made, the explosion in the Rue des Bon-Enfants. I had followed closely the events at Carmaux. The first news of the strike had filled me with joy. The miners seemed at last to have abandoned those useless pacific strikes in which the trusting worker patiently waits for his few francs to triumph over the company's millions. They seemed to have entered on a

way of violence which manifested itself resolutely on the 15th August 1892. The offices and buildings of the mine were invaded by a crowd of people tired of suffering without reprisals; justice was about to be wrought on the engineer whom his workers so deeply hated, when the timorous ones chose to interfere.

Who were these manipulators? The same who cause the miscarriage of all revolutionary movements because they fear that the people, once they act freely, will no longer obey their voices; those who persuade thousands of workers to endure privations month after month so as to beat the drum over their sufferings and create for themselves a popularity that will put them into office: such exploiters—I mean the socialist leaders—in fact assumed the leadership of the strike movement.

Immediately a wave of glib gentlemen appeared in the region; they put themselves entirely at the disposition of the struggle, organized

subscriptions, arranged conferences and appealed on all sides for funds. The miners surrendered all initiative into their hands, and what happened, everyone knows.

The strike went on and on, and the miners established the most intimate acquaintance with hunger, which became their habitual companion; they used up the tiny reserve fund of their syndicate and of the other organizations which came to their help, and then, at the end of two months, they returned crestfallen to their pit, more wretched than ever before. It would have been so simple in the beginning to have attacked the Company in its only sensitive spot, the financial one; to have burnt the stocks of coal, to have broken the mining machines, to have demolished the drainage pumps.

Then, certainly, the Company would have very soon capitulated. But the great pontiff's of socialism would not allow such procedures because

they are anarchist procedures. At such games one runs the risk of prison and—who knows? -perhaps one of those bullets that performed so miraculously at Fourmies? That is not the way to win seats on municipal council's or in legislatures. In brief, having been momentarily troubled, order reigned once again at Carmaux.

More powerful than ever, the Company continued its exploitation, and the gentlemen shareholders congratulated themselves on the happy outcome of the strike. Their dividends would be even more pleasant to gather in.

It was then that I decided to intrude among that concert of happy tones a voice the bourgeois had already heard but which they thought had died with Ravachol: the voice of dynamite.

I wanted to show the bourgeoisie that henceforward their pleasures

would not be untouched, that their insolent triumphs would be disturbed, that their golden calf would rock violently on its pedestal until the final shock that would cast it down among filth and blood.

At the same time I wanted to make the miners understand that there is only one category of humans, the anarchists, who sincerely resent their sufferings and are willing to avenge them. Such individuals do not sit in parliament like Monsieur Guesde and his associates, but they march to the guillotine.

So I prepared a bomb. At one stage the accusation that had been thrown at Ravachol came to my memory. What about the innocent victims? I soon resolved that question. The building where the Carmaux Company had its offices was inhabited only by bourgeois; hence there would be no innocent victims. The whole of the bourgeoisie lives by the exploitation of the

unfortunate, and should expiate its crimes together. So it was with absolute confidence in the legitimacy of my deed that I left my bomb before the door to the Company's offices.

I have already explained my hope, in case my device was discovered before it exploded, that it would go off in the police station, where those it harmed would still be my enemies. Such were the motives that led me to commit the first attempt of which I have been accused.

Let us go on to the second incident, of the Café Terminus. I had returned to Paris at the time of the Vaillant affair, and I witnessed the frightful repression that followed the explosion at the Palais Bourbon. I saw the draconian measures which the government decided to take against the anarchists. Everywhere there were spies, and searches, and arrests. A crowd of individuals were indiscriminately rounded up, torn from their families,

and thrown into prison. Nobody was concerned about what happened to the wives and children of these comrades while they remained in jail.

The anarchist was no longer regarded as a person, but as a wild beast to be hunted everywhere while the bourgeois Press, which is the vile slave of authority, loudly demands his extermination.

At the same time, libertarian papers and pamphlets were seized and the right of meeting was abrogated. Worse than that: when it seemed desirable to get one comrade completely out of the way, an informer came and left in his room a packet which he said contained tannin; the next day a search was made, on a warrant dated the previous day, a box of suspicious powders was found, the comrade was taken to court and sentenced to three years in gaol. If you wish to know the truth of that, ask the wretched spy who found his way into the home of comrade Merigeaud!

But all such procedures were good because they struck at an enemy who had spread fear, and those who had trembled wanted to display their courage. As the crown of that crusade against the heretics, we heard M. Reynal, Minister of the Interior, declare in the Chamber of Deputies that the measures taken by the government had thrown terror into the camp of the anarchists. But that was not yet enough. A man who had killed nobody was condemned to death. It was necessary to appear brave right to the end, and one fine morning he was guillotined.

But, gentlemen of the bourgeoisie, you have reckoned a little too much without your host. You arrested hundreds of men and women, you violated scores of homes, but still outside the prison walls there were people unknown to you who watched from the shadows as you hunted the anarchists, and waited only for the moment that would be favorable for them in their

turn to hunt the hunters.

Reynal's words were a challenge thrown before the anarchists. The gauntlet was taken up. The bomb in the Cafe Terminus is the answer to all your violations of freedom, to your arrests, to your searches, to your laws against the Press, to your mass transportations, to your guillotinings. But why, you ask, attack these peaceful café guests, who sat listening to music and who, no doubt, were neither judges nor deputies nor bureaucrats? Why? It is very simple. The bourgeoisie did not distinguish among the anarchists. Vaillant, a man on his own, threw a bomb; nine-tenths of the comrades did not even know him. But that meant nothing; the persecution was a mass one, and anyone with the slightest anarchist links was hunted down. And since you hold a whole party responsible for the actions of a single man, and strike indiscriminately, we also strike indiscriminately.

Perhaps we should attack only the deputies who make laws against us, the judges who apply those laws, the police who arrest us? I do not agree. These people are only instruments. They do not act in their own name. Their functions were instituted by the bourgeoisie for its own defence. They are no more guilty than the rest of you. Those good bourgeois who hold no office but who reap their dividends and live idly on the profits of the workers' toil, they also must take their share in the reprisals. And not only they, but all those who are satisfied with the existing order, who applaud the acts of the government and so become its accomplices, those clerks earning three or five hundred francs a month who hate the people even more violently than the rich, that stupid and pretentious mass of folk who always choose the strongest side—in other words, the daily clientele of Terminus and the other great cafés.

That is why I struck at random and did not choose my victims! The

bourgeoisie must be brought to understand that those who have suffered are tired at last of their sufferings; they are showing their teeth and they will strike all the more brutally if you are brutal with them. They have no respect for human life, because the bourgeoisie themselves have shown they have no care for it. It is not for the assassins who were responsible for the bloody week and for Fourmies to regard others as assassins.

We will not spare the women and children of the bourgeois, for the women and children of those we love have not been spared. Must we not count among the innocent victims those children who die slowly of anaemia in the slums because bread is scarce in their houses; those women who grow pale in your workshops, working to earn forty sous a day and fortunate when poverty does not force them into prostitution; those old men whom you have made production machines all their lives and whom you cast on to

the waste heap or into the workhouse when their strength has worn away?

At least have the courage of your crimes, gentlemen of the bourgeoisie, and grant that our reprisals are completely legitimate.

Of course, I am under no illusions. I know my deeds will not yet be understood by the masses who are unprepared for them. Even among the workers, for whom I have fought, there will be many, misled by your newspapers, who will regard me as their enemy. But that does not matter. I am not concerned with anyone's judgment. Nor am I ignorant of the fact that there are individuals claiming to be anarchists who hasten to disclaim any solidarity with the propagandists of the deed. They seek to establish a subtle distinction between the theoreticians and the terrorists. Too cowardly to risk their own lives, they deny those who act. But the influence they pretend to wield over the revolutionary movement is nil. Today the field is open to

action, without weakness or retreat.

Alexander Herzen, the Russian revolutionary, once said: 'Of two things one must be chosen: to condemn and march forward, or to pardon and turn back half way.' We intend neither to pardon nor to turn back, and we shall always march forward until the revolution, which is the goal of our efforts, finally arrives to crown our work with the creation of a free world.

In that pitiless war which we have declared on the bourgeoisie, we ask for no pity. We give death, and we know how to endure it. So it is with indifference that I await your verdict. I know that my head is not the last you will cut off; yet others will fall, for the starving are beginning to know the way to your great cafés and restaurants, to the Terminus and Foyot. You will add other names to the bloody list of our dead.

You have hanged in Chicago, decapitated in Germany, garotted in

Xerex, shot in Barcelona, guillotined in Montbrison and Paris, but what you will never destroy is Anarchy. Its roots are too deep. It is born in the heart of a society that is rotting and falling apart. It is a violent backlash against the established order. It represents all the egalitarian and libertarian aspirations that strike out against authority. It is everywhere, which makes it impossible to contain. It will end by killing you.

February 17, London: Anarchist **Paul Bourdin**'s attempt to bomb the Greenwich observatory fails when he trips and lands on his own bomb.

February 20, Paris: A bomb blast rocks a hotel on the rue Saint-Jacques and police find another in a hotel in the Saint-Martin suburb.

March 15, Paris: **Amédée Pauwels** accidentally blows himself up while entering the Church of the Madeleine. **Pauwels** is believed to be

responsible for the February 20 hotel bombings.

April 4, France: An anarchist bomb damages a bourgeois restaurant. Ironically, anarchist **Laurent Tailhade** who once remarked *What do the victims matter, if the gesture be beautiful?* when referring to propaganda by the deed, loses an eye when his meal is suddenly interrupted by the explosion.

June 16, Rome: Anarchist **Paulo Lega** fires on the septuagenarian statesman, Francesco Crispi, slightly wounding him.

June 24, Lyon: Italian anarchist **Sante Jeronimo Caserio** stabs French President Marie François Sadi-Carnot as he rides through the crowded streets. As **Caserio** runs his poignard through the liver of the Head of State, he screams *Vive la revolution!* and as he rushes back through the crowd is heard to say *Vive l'anarchie!* **Caserio** later explains

he killed the President to avenge fellow anarchists *Auguste Vaillant* and *Emile Henry*, and in between his sobs from the guillotine exclaims *Courage, comrades! Vive l'Anarchie!*

July 1, Livorno: Anarchist *Oreste Lucchesi* and *Amerigo Franchi* with two other libertarians kill Il Telegrafo editor Giuseppe Bandi, whose journal's content had turned public support away from anarchists, making the State's horrendous treatment of radicals all the easier.

October 21, Saint-Joseph: Anarchists instigate a prison riot on the French prison-colony island. Prisoners kill a guard and severely stab three others responsible for the killing of anarchist prisoner *François Briens* in September.

1896

March 11, Patras: Anarchist *Dimitris Matsalis* attacks and stabs a

banker, Dionisis Fragopoulos, who dies instantly, and a merchant, Andreas Kollias. In prison *Matsalis* bites a stick of dynamite and blows himself up.

1897

August 8, Mondragón: Anarchist *Michele Angiolillo Lombardi* enters Spain to hunt down the person responsible for the severe repression, imprisonment, and torture of hundreds of Spanish anarchists. When *Angiolillo* finds the President of the Spanish Council of Government, Premier Cánovas del Castillo, unguarded at the thermal bath resort of Santa Águeda, he shoots him dead. Cánovas' wife seated next to him at the time starts hitting *Angiolillo* and shouting *Murderer! Murderer!* In turn, *Angiolillo* bows and replies *Pardon, Madame, but I am not an assassin. I am the avenger of my anarchist comrades. I respect you*

as a person, but I regret that you were the wife of that man.

September 4, Spain: Anarchist **Ramón Sempau** lets fly with a double-barreled shotgun at Lieutenant Narciso Portas who oversaw the torture of anarchists in Montjuich. Guards in the prison forced inmates to walk for days without rest, pulled out toe- and fingernails and hung prisoners from their cell doors while burning their genitals and twisting them with rope and guitar string. Despite **Sempau's** professed guilt no judge will prosecute him, fearing the reprisal of other anarchists. After festering in his cell, **Sempau** is released without trial.

1898

January 18, Paris: Inspired by violent anarchists before him, **Claude-François Etiévant** approaches the police station on the Rue Berselius,

and stabs the orderly Renard 20 times on his arrival. Police wrestle ***Etiévant*** to the ground and without searching him lock the anarchist in a cell where he then shoots Officer Le Breton in the cheek. *We are tomorrow and you are yesterday. We will be happy with anything that happens, because we are sure that the breath of our ideas will reach other beings, and high individuals will resume our interrupted task and they will lead it to good aim; for we are convinced that the day will come in which the star, that Indora the Puttinges, will shine on humanity without armies, guns, frontiers, barriers, prisons, magistracies, police, and laws. The Free Goddesses intellectually and physically, will reconcile you with nature. And with the sovereigns, we will be able to finally extinguish their silks of justice in the universal harmony... From the fringe of the revolution, the modern enigma—freedom, equality, fraternity—will be resolved, and it will be ANARCHY!*

May 1, Patras: Anarchist *A. Theodorids* attempts to kill two usurers, but only succeeds in injuring them.

September 10, Geneva: Anarchist *Luigi Luccheni* springs at Empress Elizabeth of Austria as she hurries to catch a boat. Mortally stabbing her in the chest with a homemade three-sided dagger, *Luccheni* strikes a blow for *Freedom and Anarchy!*

1900

April 5, Brussels: Anarchist *Jean Baptiste Sipido* tries to kill the Prince of Wales. Accusing the Prince of causing the slaughter of thousands during the Boer War in South Africa, the 16 year old leaps onto the footboard of the royal compartment right before the train leaves the station and fires two shots through the window. *Sipido* misses

everyone inside and is quickly wrestled to the ground.

July 24, Monza: In hopes of avenging the Milan Massacre of 1898 (in which the King decided to fire cannon rounds into a crowd of starving rioters), anarchist *Gaetano Bresci* fires a revolver twice at King Umberto I, hitting him in the neck and shoulder blades. The King dies shortly after the Patterson, New Jersey-born plot is executed.

August 1, Paris: Anarchist *Francois Salon* attempts to kill the Shah of Persia. Jumping at the Royal carriage as it leaves the Shah's hotel en route to the French Exhibition, *Salon* is wrestled to the ground yelling *Death to all Sovereigns!* without firing a shot.

1901

February 14, St. Petersburg: Disgruntled, ex-student *Peter Karpovich*

requests a meeting with the Russian Minister of Education, N. Bogolepov. Upon entering the minister's office, *Karpovich* calmly sits down, removes a revolver from his coat, and shoots Bogolepov in the chest—the wounds take two weeks to kill him. *Karpovich* says he shot the minister because of the almost 200 students who have protested university policies and have as a result been conscripted.

April 7, Switzerland: Violent confrontations with anarchists involving the police and military occur during demonstrations against the extradition of an anarchist suspected of participation in the assassination of King Umberto.

April 14, Guyana: After spending 14 years in prison and attempting escape over 20 times, *Duval* along with eight friends sets sail in a home-made canoe, beginning a two-year sojourn to New York.

September 6, Provence: Anarchist vagabond, *Paul Roussenq* receives a six-month suspended sentence for theft. *Roussenq* started reading anarchist literature at 14, had left his home a few months earlier (at 16) and had been sleeping in barns and fields and stealing food to get by.

September 6, Buffalo: Lone Anarchist *Leon Czolgosz* kills President William McKinley. After patiently waiting in McKinley's receiving line at the Pan-American Exhibition *Czolgosz* (hoping to avenge the 21 Slavic miners killed by cops in Latimer, Pennsylvania) reaches the President and shoots him twice at point-blank range. *I didn't believe one man should have so much service, and another man have none.* At the time of *Czolgosz's* arrest police find a picture of *Gaetano Bresci* in his pocket. *I am not sorry for my crime.*

1902

November 15, Brussels: Anarchist **Gennaro Rubino** attempts to shoot King Leopold II of Belgium. While returning from a memorial service for his recently deceased wife, the sovereign is fired upon three times by **Rubino** who then has a patriotic crowd almost kill him as they scream *Kill him! Kill him!* and *Long live the King!* When police search the anarchist, they find a package of ball cartridges and picture postcards of King Leopold, Prince Albert, and Princess Elizabeth. **Rubino** explains the postcards were to help him know who to shoot at and that he would shoot *at the King of Italy as readily as at the King of Belgium, because monarchs are tyrants who cause the misery of their peoples.*

The anarchist tells the court he had hoped to kill Leopold,

Albert, and as many clergy as possible.

Rubino had shot at the King in order to dispel widely circulated rumors that he was a police informant—which he previously had been. However, he was quickly fired after the Italian Secret Service learned he strongly sympathized with the anarchists he was supposed to be providing information on. Many anarchists of the day speculate he was still merely a police provocateur and had fired blanks. There is no mention of **Rubino** after his trial.

1903

March 5, Chambér: **Roussenq** tries to appeal a six-month suspended sentence for vagrancy, when the prosecutor asks for jail time. Outraged, **Roussenq** yells *What, going on the road, poor and penniless, is*

now criminal? But it's precisely the rich who should go on trial, with all their crimes as exploiters! The court demands an apology. **Roussenq** refuses and hurls a large chunk of stale bread at the prosecutor's face. The State sends him to the disciplinary battalions of Biribi in Africa for five years, where he burns down his quarters and receives additional time.

1904

April 7, Spain: An anarchist attempts to kill King Alfonso XIII of Spain.

April 12, Spain: An anarchist attempts to kill Prime Minister Antonio Maura.

1905

May 31, Paris: Anarchist *Alexander Farras* is alleged to have thrown

a bomb into a procession headed by French President Émile François Loubet and Spanish King Alfonso XIII. Neither sovereign is hurt (though several parade-goers are), and *Farras* is never captured.

December 17, Odessa: Anarchists throw bombs into the Café Libman, a hub of bourgeois society. The blasts kill a dozen patrons and wounds many, as well as heavily damaging the building.

December 25, Barcelona: An anarchist makes an attempt on the life of Cardinal Salvador Casanas y Pages in the cloister of the Barcelona Cathedral.

1906

May 31, Madrid: Anarchist *Mateo Morral* attempts to kill King Alfonso XIII of Spain and Queen Victoria Eugenia. *Morral* watches the newlyweds from a balcony as they parade through the streets,

and when the two are underneath him, tosses them a bomb disguised in a bouquet. The bomb misses the carriage, but does manage to spray blood from the Royal Guard all over the Queen's white dress. The attentat kills 28 all together and injures close to 100.

October 16, Cöpenick: Wearing a Captain's uniform (assembled from various Berlin thrift store) long time petty thief and former convict, **Wilhelm Voigt**, deboards his train and proceeds to the local army barracks. Once inside **Voigt** stops four grenadiers and a sergeant who he sends to commandeer six more grenadiers from the shooting range. **Voigt** orders the ten soldiers to follow him to City Hall, where he commands them to guard the exits. **Voigt** then arrests the town secretary Rosenkranz and Mayor Georg Langerhans for suspicions of crooked bookkeeping—when asked to see warrants **Voigt** gestures to

his uniform and a grenadier's gun and exclaims *These are my authority!* The captain then takes 4,000 marks and 70 pfennings from the City Hall, flags down two carriages to escort the politician and bureaucrat back the barracks for questioning, orders the remaining soldiers to stand guard for an additional half hour, and disappears onto a train.

Police find **Voigt** after a week, and he's given four years. However, since **Voigt** is seen with such popularity—humiliating public officials and exposing Germany's ridiculous level of militarism and respect for authority—Kaiser Wilhelm II is forced to pardon him after a year and a half.

1907

March 11, Bulgaria: An anarchist slays Bulgarian Premier Nicolas

Petkov.

May 8, Odessa: 19 year-old anarchist *Zakhara Tchertkov* hurls a bomb into a police ceremony. The quiet afternoon in the park is quickly ruined when an officer and supervisor are blown to pieces and another two cops are severely wounded.

September 23, Kiev: After smuggling weapons in from Italy, anarchists *N. Tysh*, *G. Sandomirsky*, and *Sergey Boriss* rob a post office of 600,000 rubles. The money is sent to *N. Muzil* in Paris who buys guns and dynamite with it. Over the next few months two dozen or so comrades organize a number of bomb factories and fighting warehouses across Europe and begin to plan many hits.

However, everything is cut short by January with everyone except *Muzil* being arrested. At some point shortly after the arrests,

Muzil tries unsuccessfully to strike a blow against a Russian prison.

1908

February 23, Denver: After receiving communion, Anarchist **Giuseppe Alio** spits the wafer out and shoots the priest, Reverend Leo Heinrich, in the heart. *I am an Anarchist, and I am proud of it ... I have a grudge against all priests in general. They are all against the working man.*

The anarchist had tracked Heinrich all the way from Europe, where **Guiseppe** believed Heinrich had worked with authorities to crush various labor groups. Some speculate **Guiseppe** contemplated killing priests twice before, believing each to be the collaborator. Some catholic historians maintain that **Guiseppe** was wrong all three times.

March 2, Chicago: Anarchist *Lazarus Averbuch* attempts to kill the Chief of Police. *Averbuch* stabs Chief Shippey in the arm, shoots his son in the lung, and wounds the driver before the three open fire and kill him (though who really shoots whom is hard to tell.)

March 28, New York City: Anarchist *Selig Silverstein* attempts to blow-up a police officer after a labor rally in Union Square. *Silverstein* is blinded and maimed in the attentat when the bomb explodes prematurely. When asked if it was him or the man laying next to him that had the bomb he mumbles in Yiddish *Yes, I made the bomb, and I came to the park to kill the police with it.*

Silverstein says nothing to police for the next few days as he slowly dies in a prison hospital. But when asked towards the end what the bomb was made of, he says, *The top of a brass bedstead. I*

bought a quarter pound of nails and broke them in half. I put nitroglycerine on top of them, and on top of the nitroglycerine some gun powder. When I got to the park I saw a policeman there who had beaten me. I put the fuse into the bomb and walked over to the fountain. I had a lit cigarette in my hand, and I tried to touch off the fuse but, in my excitement I put the cigarette in the wrong hole, causing the explosion.

1909

October 13, Western Hemisphere: Violent clashes breakout over the execution of anarchist and Modern School-movement founder, *Francisco Ferrer*.

Paris: 500,000 people turn out to oppose the execution—many clash with police.

Argentina: The anarchist group **Federation Obrera Regional Argentina** improvises a meeting with 20,000 workers in attendance. Consensus declares a general strike, which lasts until October 17.

November 14, Buenos Aires: Anarchist ***Simon Radowitzky*** kills police Chief Colonel Ramon Falcon and his secretary. Falcon had lead the charge against a crowd of workers during a May Day celebration (killing 12 and wounding 100) a few months prior. While Falcon is returning from a funeral, the 18 year old ***Radowitzky*** hurls a bomb into his carriage, mortally wounding him and his aid.

December 6, Russia: After slipping back into Russia from London, anarchist ***Moishe Tokar*** attempts to assassinate Hershelman, the hated military commander of the Vilna Fortress.

1910

June 13, Paris: Confrontations take place between cabinetmakers and police. Police wound and kill anarchist *Henri Cler* whose funeral at the Pantin cemetery draws tens of thousands of people and is the scene of more police violence.

October 19, France: Anarchist assassin *Luigi Lucheni* escapes from prison after spending 32 years in various cages. For years dock workers could hear *Lucheni* screaming from his near-by cell every night as guards beat him to sleep. In the morning guards find the 57 year old hanging from his cell.

December 12, London: Prompted by noise complaints, constables knock on the door of 11 Exchange Building. The four individuals inside open fire, killing Sgts. Bryant and Tucker and Constable

Choat, as well as wounding two others. Also killed is anarchist ***George Gardstein*** who police discover when the thieves' house (different from the shootout location) gets raided, and a room filled with guns, ammunition, and revolutionary anarchist literature is found. The anarchists had been tunneling through the basement to the jewelry shop next-door, in hopes of funding revolutionaries in Russia.

1911

January 2, London: With police presence reminiscent of pogroms in their native Eastern Europe, residents of the suspects' neighborhood keep their mouths shut. However, police finally receive a tip that the anarchists are staying at 100 Sidney Street where a few unarmed constables arrive, and Sergeant Ben Leeson begins to throw pebbles

at the window in order to ask the individuals to surrender. Mauser semi-automatics erupt from the inside.

Winston Churchill supervises as the Scots Guard, over 600 troops and police respond to the shootout which ends with anarchists ***Fritz Svaars*** and ***Joseph Marx*** dead (one shot, one suffocated) after the house burns down. Anarchist ***Peter Piatkow*** (***Peter the Painter***) who helped in the tunneling and supposedly fled the inferno, is never seen again. Some speculate he never really existed (other than a pistol called Peter the Painter, nicknamed in his honour.)

October 30, Bologna: Anarchist ***Augusto Masetti***, a soldier in the Italian army, shouts *Viva l'anarchia, I lower the army!* as he floors the gas pedal, running down Colonel Stroppa. The officer who's exhorting his soldiers to depart for Libya is injured in the assault, but

not fatally.

With antimilitarists rallying behind *Masetti* and cheering *Viva Masetti, I lower the army!* at gatherings, the State fears turning him into a martyr. Psychiatrists are paraded before the court pleading for the anarchist's life, claiming he's insane. The court quickly throws out any plan of executing *Masetti* and has him committed to the same asylum as *Paissanante* and *Acciarito*.

Quickly after his arrival, most the nursing staff join antimilitarist groups and organizations dedicated to the release of *Masetti*.

December 21, Paris: Anarchists *Eugene Dieudonne*, *Raymond Callemin*, *Octave Garnier* and *Jules Bonnot* rob the money transfer of Société Générale, netting 5,126 francs. The illegalists take off in a

Delaunay-Belleville, a luxury car owned only by the ruling elite of the world (Tsar Nicolas II, King George I of Greece, King Alfonso XIII of Spain, etc.) making their heist the first ever to use a car to flee the scene of a crime and earning them the name **The Auto Bandits** in the French press.

December 28, Paris: *Callemin, Garnier, Bonnot* and *Dieudonne* break into a gun shop and leave fully loaded.

1912

January 2, Paris: *Garnier, Bonnot, Dieudonne* and *Callemin* break into the home of M. Moreau, killing him and his maid and getting away with over 30,000 francs' worth of booty.

March 14, Italy: Anarchist *Antonio d'Alba* shoots at King Victor-

Emmanuel III of Italy while he attends a funeral mass for King Umberto I. The sovereign sustains minor injuries.

November 12, Madrid: Anarchist *Manuel Pardiñas* kills Spanish Prime Minister Jose Canalejas while he reads in a bookstore, the Door of the Sun.

1913

March 18, Thessaloniki: Anarchist *Aleko Schinas* kills King Georgios I of Greece. *Schinas* shoots the sovereign once from a distance of two paces as he walks the streets. The bullet enters Georgios' back bellow his shoulder blades, pierces his heart and lungs, and exits through his belly. When the king arrives at the hospital a half hour later, he is already dead.

Police beat *Schinas* repeatedly trying to extract a confession,

but the anarchist gives no information. When asked if he feels any pity for his country (*Schinas* has lived in New York City since the Greek government closed the anarchist school he helped start and imprisoned two of the co-founders) the assassin replies that he is against all governments.

Schinas allegedly commits suicide May 6 by jumping from a police station window.

1914

October 13, New York City: Gruppo Gaetano Bresci plants bombs in the St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Church of St. Alphonsus to mark the five year anniversary of the death of anarchist *Francisco Ferrer*, murdered in Spain by Catholic Monarchists after his success with

the Modern School movement. Anarchists *Frank Abarno* and *Carmine Carbone* are later charged.

1916

Chicago: Anarchist *Nestor Dondoglio* under the nom de guerre *Jean Crones*, poisons 200 guests at a dinner party celebrating Archbishop Mundelein. No one dies when *Dondoglio*, an assistant chef at the banquet hall, uses too much arsenic, causing everyone to vomit.

1917

September 9, Milwaukee: During the anarchists' usual ritual of heckling a local, defrocked, catholic priest while he conducts open-air meetings, the clergyman decides to call police who promptly

arrive and start beating the crowd. The situation escalates when the hecklers show some resistance, which is met with police bullets that kill anarchist *Antonio Fornasier* instantly. Anarchist *Augusta Marinelli* dies of his wounds five days later.

November 24, Milwaukee: A bomb explodes in a police department and 11 caged anarchists awaiting trial for the September 9 priest-heckling turned riot are charged with the bombing. The jury is out exactly 17 minutes before they return with a guilty verdict and the state gives 25-year sentences to all 11 anarchists.

From the late 1890s to the start of the Russian Revolution in 1917, approximately 17,000 politicians, military brass, clergy, heads of state, and police officers of the Russian Empire are killed through political

bombings and assassinations.

1918

August 30, Moscow: *Fani Kaplan* fires three shots at the Premier of Russia, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. The assassination attempt takes place during the communist leader's address to a factory full of workers.

Within three days of her arrest, *Kaplan* professes her guilt. She is then taken to a garage and shot by the authorities while a car engine revs to cover the sound of gun shots. Police then take *Kaplan's* body, douse it in gasoline, and burn it.

November 15, Chicago: Anarchist *Gabriella Segata Antolini* is arrested and convicted for transporting dynamite. While serving time, the 19 year old befriends fellow prisoner *Emma Goldman* who's also

imprisoned in Jefferson City, Missouri.

1919

January 8, Czechoslovakia: 16 year old anarchist *A. L. Šťastný* attempts to shoot Prime Minister Karel Kramář.

April 28, Seattle: An infernal machine big enough to blow out the entire side of the County-City Building is found in Mayor Ole Hanson's mail. The package is sent from the **American Anarchist Fighters** to Hanson who has been fanning America's patriotic flames while touring the country, bashing immigrants and radicals as part of the red scare. Hanson tells reporters that the government needs to *buck up and hang or incarcerate for life all the anarchists.*

April 29, Atlanta: An American Anarchist Fighters bomb goes off in

the home of Senator Thomas R. Hardwick. Tragically, it's a servant who has her hands blown off when she opens the package. Hardwick is chairman of the Immigration Committee of the Senate, and proposed restricting immigration as a means of keeping out foreign radicals.

April 30, New York: After reading a description of the letter bombs in Washington and Georgia, a post office clerk finds 16 identical packages (all of which do not have sufficient postage) that he had set aside the day before. All the return addresses read *Gimbel Brothers—Novelty Supplies*, and authorities quickly notify post offices across the country. Thirty four in all do not reach their targets, which include Attorney-General Palmer, Postmaster-General Judge Landis of Chicago, Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court, Secretary of Labor

Wilson, Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti, J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, and other prominent bureaucrats and capitalists. **American Anarchist Fighters** is later blamed for the stunt—having plotted for the bombs to reach their targets on May Day.

May 1, Boston: Workers clash with police.

June 2, US: Bombs explode in eight cities.

Pittsburgh: Explosions in Pittsburgh intended for Judge Thomson of the US Courts and W. W. Sibray, chief inspector of the bureau of immigration, rock their neighbors' homes; killing no one and causing only minor damage on the targets. The bombers leave papers behind: *The powers that be make no secret of their will to stop here in America, the world-wide spread of revolution: The powers that be must reckon that they will have to accept the fight they have provoked.*

A time has come when the social question's solution can be delayed no longer: class war is on and cannot cease but with a complete victory for the international proletariat.

The challenge is an old one, oh 'democratic' lords of the autocratic republic. We have been dreaming of freedom, we have talked of liberty. We have aspired to a better world and you jailed us, you clubbed us, you deported us, you murdered us whenever you could.

Now that the great war waged to replenish your purses and build a pedestal to your saints is over, nothing better can you do to protect your stolen millions and usurped fame, than to direct all the power of the murderous institutions you created for your exclusive defense, against the working multitudes rising to a more human conception of life.

The jails, the dungeons you reared to bury all protesting voices, are

now replenished with languishing.

In the evening a bomb explodes at the home of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, a pacifist Quaker, destroying the front of his house, when anarchist **Carlo Valdinoce** trips and detonates his package. The explosion shakes the windows of neighbors, including FDR's. A letter is found in the bushes, signed **The American Anarchist Fighters**.
Boston: American Anarchist Fighters bombs the home of Judge A. F. Hayden.

Newton: American Anarchist Fighters bombs the home of State Representative Leland Powers.

Cleveland: An American Anarchist Fighters bomb intercepted and defused en route to Mayor Harry L. Davis

Philadelphia: American Anarchist Fighters bombs Our Lady of

Victory Catholic Church and the Frankfort Arsenal.

Patterson: An American Anarchist Fighters bomb explodes.

East Orange: An American Anarchist Fighters bomb explodes.

June 3, New York City: In the early hours an American Anarchist Fighters bomb kills patrolman William Goshner as he fumbles with a package outside the home of Judge Charles C. Nott, whose home suffers \$23,000 in damage.

July 7, Milan: Anarchists *Bruno Filippi, Maria Zibardi, Guido Villa, and Aldo Perego* bomb the Hall of Justice.

August 29, Milan: *Villa, Filippi, Perego, and Zibardi* attempt to injure one of Italy's most prominent capitalists, Giovanni Breda, with sulfuric acid, and bomb his mansion.

August 31, Milan: *Perego, Villa, Zibardi, and Filippi* bomb the home

of Senator Ettore Ponti.

September 7, Milan: As *Filippi* climbs the stairs of the Club of Nobles, the bomb he is carrying to destroy the meeting place for the richest people of the city, suddenly explodes, killing the young individualist.

September 25, Moscow: Social revolutionaries and underground anarchists bombed the headquarters of the Moscow Committee of the Communist Party in protest over growing repression.

1920

January 9, Saragossa: There is an anarchist uprising in the Carmen barracks.

September 16, Wall Street: After the indictment of anarchists *Nicola Sacco* and *Bartolomeo Vanzetti*, an *unshaven, wiry man* (anarchist

Mario Buda—best friend of the two) drives a horse-drawn carriage to the front of the J.P. Morgan Bank and quickly scurries away. Moments later over 100 pounds of dynamite cased in iron tears through the busy street, causing cars, in addition to the molten iron, to rip through the lunchtime crowd of secretaries, bankers, and businessmen; wounding over 400 and killing 40. The blast costs over \$2,000,000 to Wall Street and the ensuing fire completely destroys J.P. Morgan's office. *Remember, we will not tolerate any longer. Free the political prisoners or it will be death for all of you. American Anarchist Fighters!*

October 25, Athens: The royal pet monkey attacks King Alexander of Greece. After suffering severe bite wounds, the sovereign dies.

October 28, Imola: During the Fascists' March on Rome, anarchists

fight brownshirts. A group even ambushes and attempts to kill Dino Grandi, who almost won the election that instead made Mussolini the Duce.

1921

March 8, Madrid: Metallurgists of the CNT *Luis Nicolau, Pedro Mateu,* and *Ramon Castenellas* cut down three-time Spanish Prime Minister Eduardo Dato outside his home in Catalonia. Dato had vehemently fought trade-unionism and helped make famous the *ley de fuga*, the practice of setting prisoners free only to gun them down later as escapees. A number of anarchists had been victims of the law.

March 23, Milan: A bomb explodes at the Diana theatre, resulting in many deaths and injuries. It is an individualist's attentat against the Police Chief of Gasti.

1922

July 14, Paris: Anarchist *Gustave Charles Bouvet* attempts to kill French President Alexandre Millerand. After returning from Bastille Day military reviews, Millerand rides in a procession of dignitaries, which *Bouvet* takes two shots at. After missing the President, a cop throws his bike at *Bouvet* who is then almost lynched by an angry crowd of patriots.

1923

January 5, Prague: Anarchist *Josef Soupal* shoots the Minister of Finance, Alois Rašín. While Rašín steps into his car (still a novelty to the Czech streets) the 19 year old lodges a bullet in the bureaucrat's spine, which, after six weeks, kills him.

January 23, France: 20 year old individualist *Germaine Berton* goes to

the office of the right-wing newspaper *l'Action Française*, in hopes of killing its editor, Leon Daudet. A scuffle breaks out between her and a staff member, Marius Plateau, who **Berton** shoots and kills, and then shoots herself without success. Due to a thorough legal campaign conducted by local anarchists, **Berton** is acquitted.

June 23, Zaragoza: **Ascaso** and **Escartin** kill Cardinal Soldevila. The reactionary octogenarian who had been aiding pistoleros is shot through the heart while driving to a friend's villa. His 40 year old nephew, also a high ranking member of the local clergy, is badly injured as well.

Expecting authorities to raid the homes of anyone they can justify associating with labor militants, anarchists preemptively release a communiqué stating that any police raids will be met with

harsh, violent retaliations similar to the initial attack on Soldevila. Local police go against official orders from the monarchy in light of this threat and conduct only a handful of raids and arrests, holding no one longer than a few days.

1926

May 16, Buenos Aires: Anarchists plant a bomb in the US embassy, blowing the front of the building off. The action is claimed in the name of imprisoned anarchists world-wide—*Sacco, Vanzetti, Giovanni*, etc.

May 26, Paris: Anarchist *Sholom Schwartzbard* kills Symon Peltry, the head of the government-in-exile of Ukrainian People's Republic. *Schwartzbard*, a survivor of pogroms himself, approaches Peltry, an

individual responsible for the deaths of thousands under the wrath of pogroms, while he window shops. *Are you Mr. Petlyura?* the anarchist asks. When Peltry says yes, **Schwartzbard** shouts *Defend yourself, you bandit!* and fires three shots into him. As **Schwartzbard** does so he screams *This, for the pogroms; this for the massacres; this for the victims!*

As authorities arrive to arrest the assassin, **Schwartzbard** calmly hands over his gun and says *You can arrest me, I've killed a murderer.* During his trial **Schwartzbard** never backs down from his crime, taking the stance that he was killing a person who had the blood of thousands on his hands. The jury acquits him.

June 1, Boston: Anarchists bomb the home of Samuel Johnson, brother of Simon Johnson, whose cooperation with police led to

Sacco and Vanzetti's arrest.

September 11, Rome: Anarchist **Gino Lucetti** throws a bomb at Benito Mussolini's entourage. The bomb bounces off the Duce's windshield without incident, rolls to the pavement and explodes. No one is hurt, except for **Lucetti** who is thoroughly beaten when police and bodyguards find him, with a second bomb, a handgun with six dum dum bullets poisoned with muriatic acid, and a dagger in his possession.

October 31, Italy: A few days after the successful March on Rome by Fascists, anarchist **Anteo Zamboni** attempts to shoot Mussolini during a parade. A mob of Fascists lynches the 15 year old whose father and aunt are later given 30 year prison sentences for allegedly influencing the teen.

1927

September 27, Boston: Anarchists bomb the home of Judge Webster Thayer who presided over the *Sacco* and *Vanzetti* trial. During the preceding, Thayer allowed openly xenophobic jurors, including jury foreman Harry Ripley, who comments that even if the two anarchists were innocent *they ought to hang them anyway!* Thayer also made no secret of his contempt for foreigners and radicals, telling a friend *Did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards the other day? That ought to hold them for awhile!*

October 1, Buenos Aires: An Argentine anarchist gang kills a police officer in the course of robbing a bank, escaping to Uruguay with 141,000 pesos.

December 25, Buenos Aires: Anarchists *Severino Di Giovanni* and

Paulo and **Alexander Scarfó** bomb the National City Bank, killing two and wounding 23 American and Argentinean customers.

1928

May 23, Buenos Aires: Anarchists **Giovanni** and the brothers **Scarfó** bomb the Italian Consulate to protest the Fascist dictatorship of Mussolini. The blast that destroys the headquarters of a campaign to round up Italian anarchists in exile kills nine and wounds 34. **Giovanni** responds to critics of the bombing thus: *To live in monotony the rusty hours—of commonplace divided into a dozen things: the resigned ones, the accommodated ones, ones of convenience—it is not to live the life, it is only to vegetate and to transport in traveling form a mass of meat and bones. To live the life it is necessary to offer the exquisite elevation of one's*

arm and mind.

1931

January 29, Buenos Aires: When leaving the press office of *Anarchia*, police attack *Giovanni*. In trying to escape the anarchist fires five rounds at police who send more than 100 bullets at him. During the shooting police corner and wound *Giovanni* as well as killing a girl, which the State tries to blame on the anarchist.

February 3, Rome: Anarchist *Michael Schirru* is arrested after police kick in his hotel door. At the station *Schirru* draws his revolver, shoots the three cops in the room and himself in the head: two are slightly injured, while *Schirru* and another undergo surgery to save their lives. Once stable enough to talk, the anarchist is very honest about his intent to blow up the Fascist leader—a story confirmed by two other bombs

in another room he had rented.

1932

June 4, Rome: Returning from exile in Belgium, anarchist *Angelo Sbardellotto* is arrested by police, who find on his person two rudimentary bombs and a pistol. After being severely beaten and tortured *Sbardellotto* declares that he returned clandestinely from Belgium with a fake passport and intended to avenge *Schirru* by killing Mussolini. *I have no choice. To be free, tyranny must be beaten. To build tomorrow a new order in which all can enjoy the fruits of their labour and freely express their thoughts, we must destroy today all the injustices which render this impossible.*

At his trial a week later (which lasts only two days), the court

tells ***Sbardellotto*** that for his courage Mussolini is willing to pardon him, if he is willing to apologize, to which ***Sbardellotto*** yells *I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I mourn that I did not kill him!* Two hours later, he is offered a priest's attention, which he staunchly refuses. Before being shot in the back by a firing squad he screams, *Long live anarchy!*

Spontaneous acts of solidarity occur across Italy, but also the denouncement of a Paduan laborer whose neighbors report him for saying that *someday, we will erect a monument to Sbardellotto.*

1933

February 15, Miami: Anarchist ***Guisepppe Zangara*** kills Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak in a botched FDR assassination attempt. ***Zangara***, an Italian immigrant, who has dreamed of killing kings and

presidents since the age of 17, fires five rounds at the President-elect. Missing Roosevelt each time but wounding Mrs. Mabel Gill (wife of the President of Florida Power and Light) and Cermak, nonetheless. *I don't hate Mr. Roosevelt personally.... I hate all officials and everybody who is rich.*

At his sentencing five days later, **Zangara** explains *I decide to kill him and make him suffer. I want to make it 50-50. Since my stomach hurt I want to make even with capitalists by kill the president. My stomach hurt long time.*

When a judge tells **Zangara** Cermak had died from his wounds, the assassin explains *You give me electric chair. I no afraid of that chair! You one of capitalists. You is crook man too. Put me in electric chair. I no care!*

Defiant to the bitter end, **Zangara** tells the priest present at his execution *Get to hell out of here, you sonofabitch!* and then turns to the executioner and says *go sit down all by myself... Viva Italia! Goodbye to all poor peoples everywhere! ... Lousy capitalists! No picture! Capitalists! No one here to take my picture. All capitalists lousy bunch of crooks. Go ahead. Pusha da button!*

1939

November 8, Munich: **Johann Georg Elser** attempts to blow up Adolf Hitler. After spending the last 30 nights hollowing out a column next to where Hitler will soon be delivering a speech, **Elser** plants his homemade bomb and starts the time-delayed fuse. The Führer misses the meeting, but the blast kills eight (seven of whom are members of the National Socialist Labour Party—NSDAP) and

injures 63.

1948

September 12, San Sebastien: From a small passenger plane, anarchists *Antonio Ortiz*, *Primitivo Gomez*, and *José Perez* attempt to drop a bomb onto Franco while he delivers a speech. Spanish fighters intercept the plane and the three are forced to abandon the plot, but manage to escape without harm.

1950

April 9, Paris: Lettrists *Serge Berna*, *Jean-Louis Brau*, *Ghislain Desnoyers de Marbaix*, and *Michel Mourre* declare god dead to an Easter Sunday audience of 10,000 in Notre-Dame Cathedral. The four sneak into the back of the cathedral, overpower a Dominican monk

and put his clothes on ex-seminary student **Mourre**, who then takes the pulpit and reads a homily prepared by **Berna**.

Today Easter day of the Holy Year here under the emblem of Notre-Dame of Paris I accuse the universal Catholic Church of the lethal diversion of our living strength toward an empty heaven.

I accuse the Catholic Church of swindling.

I accuse the Catholic Church of infecting the world with its funereal morality of being the running sore on the decomposed body of the West.

Verily I say unto you: God is dead. We vomit the agonizing insipidity of your prayers for your prayers have been the greasy smoke over the battlefields of our Europe.

Go forth then into the tragic and exalting desert of a world where God is dead and till this earth anew with your bare hands, with your PROUD

hands, with your unpraying hands.

Today Easter day of the Holy Year, Here under the emblem of the Norte-dame of Paris, we proclaim the death of the Christ-god, so that man may live at last.

With the congregation in uproar, the Swiss guards draw their swords and rush the blasphemers, successfully slicing one's face. With a blood-soaked alb and habit **Mourre** cheerfully blesses the audience and the four escape out of the cathedral.

1952

October 29, Paris: A shower of leaflets scatters the floor of the Ritz Hotel, interrupting Charlie Chaplain's press conference for his new film *Limelight*.

Sub-Mack Sennett filmmaker, sub-Max Linder actor, Stavisky of weeping unwed mothers and little orphans of Auteil, hail Chaplin, swindler of emotions, master-singer of suffering.

The cinematographer needed its Dellys. You have given it your works—and your good works.

Since you claimed to stand for the weak and oppressed, attacking you seemed like attacking the weak and oppressed; but in the shadow of your rattan cane some have seen the cop's nightstick.

You are 'he who turns the other cheek'—the other ass cheek—but for us, the young and beautiful, when we hear suffering we reply REVOLUTION.

You are a Max du Veuzit with flat feet, and we don't believe in the 'absurd persecutions' you say you are the victim of. In France the Immigration Service calls itself the Advertising Agency. The kind of press conference you

gave at Cherbourg would turn a complete dud into a sensation, so you needn't worry about the success of Limelight.

Go to bed, you budding fascist. Rake in the dough. Make it with high society (we loved it when you crawled on your stomach in front of little Elizabeth.) Die soon: we promise a first-class funeral.

May your latest film be your last.

The footlights have melted the make-up of your so-called brilliant mime and exposed the sinister and compromised old man.

Go home, Mister Chaplin.

The Lettrist International:

SERGE BERNA, JEAN-L. BRAU,

GUY-ERNEST DEBORD, GIL J WOLMAN

1953

June 16, East Berlin: After construction-site superiors threaten workers with pay cuts if they don't meet the new State-imposed quotas (raised 10% in May), 60-100 construction workers walk off site starting a wild cat strike.

Numbers quickly swell with work stopping at the steel works of Henningsdorf, the Bergmann-Borsig factory, the foundries of Calbe and Furstenberg, the Zeiss works, the BMW motor works at Gera, the Max foundries at Unterwellenborn, the munitions factories of Schonebeck, and the Olympia works at Erfurt, to name only a few. In short, work stops everywhere.

Twelve thousand Henningsdorf workers, some with their protective spectacles still hanging from their necks, march 12.5

miles—mostly in the pouring rain—to Berlin. As their feet begin to hurt, Henningsdorfers take off their poorly-made, State-issued shoes and continue on barefoot: crossing through the French sector after cutting the barbwire barriers. More durable shoes with wooden soles echo on the paving stones, amplifying the sound against the buildings of Millerstasze at Wassing, 'til it becomes the approaching storm.

Upon arrival the suburban workers join various groups (tens of thousands strong) already marching around town, occasionally rioting.

It wasn't planned at all, everything happened spontaneously. Workers from nearby factories didn't know what was happening in our factory until the moment we found ourselves in the street.

June 17, Germany: By dawn over 100,000 workers have gathered

throughout East Berlin. Scuffles breakout between authorities and rioting workers as Germany experiences substantial work stoppages in all major industrial centers and cities. Calls for the re-installation of the lower quotas, quickly turns into demands for the government to step down. By noon the riots escalate, and workers from East Germany march through the Brandenburg Gate into West Germany with intentions to combine with striking and rioting workers from West Germany. In a panic authorities request the help of the Soviet Union who sends in tanks, killing hundreds.

1956

October 6, Hungary: After the funeral of Communist bureaucrat, Laszlo Rajk, 2,000-3,000 students march through the streets shouting

We won't stop half way, Stalinism must be destroyed! One observer comments Perhaps if it had not rained, there would have been a revolution that day.

October 23, Budapest: The student-planned, peaceful march against the Soviet Union turns rowdy when workers from the morning shift get off around 4 am. Shouts of solidarity with the Poles—heard all throughout the morning—are overpowered by cries for freedom and *Russians go home!* Workers start cutting hammers and sickles from flags, and ranks swell when workers and soldiers realize the marches are spontaneous and not the usual mandatory, State-sponsored demonstrations.

By dusk 1/6 of the city's population has gathered in Parliament Square, awaiting a speech from the opposition leader, Imre Nagy

who the crowd demands upon arrival. Appalled by the sea of 200,000 people and the desecrated flags, Nagy takes the stage and addresses the crowd as *Comrades!* Boos and shouts of *We're no longer comrades!* are hurled from the crowd who while waiting for Nagy to arrive, have turned from anti-Soviet to anti-MDP (Hungarian Workers Party.) Talk of a further strike circulates through the crowd, and a youth contingent marches off to the radio station demanding a microphone in the streets *so that the people can express their opinions!* When the crowd's demands are not met, a fight for the station breaks out. As news of rioters firing shots with guns given to them by police and soldiers reaches the arsenals, workers bring more to the station.

When a different crowd of rioters has trouble toppling a statue of Stalin, two workers fetch oxyacetylene gear to tear it down.

The boots remain on the plinth with a *Dead End* road sign propped up in them.

Fighting continues into the night—escalating with the arrival of plain-clothed soldiers to reinforce workers. The soldiers had arrived earlier in the day to defend the radio station and MDP headquarters, only to be disgusted with the luxurious MDP interior and realizing the insurgents were ordinary people.

Public support is immediate, with armed rebels having no trouble getting food and shelter. Resting soldiers and police freely turn over arms to reinforcements.

Within the first day, the insurrection takes on a decentralized character. The uprising becomes the personal experiences of thousands of individuals. *There was no organization whatsoever,*

consequently there was no discipline either, but there was astoundingly good teamwork, recalls an insurgent. Some people got together, fought, went home, then others came and continued the fight.

October 24, Budapest: The arrival of Soviet tanks at 4 in the morning prompts the building of barricades throughout the city. People of all ages participate in ripping up cobblestone and collecting debris to fortify the streets. One insightful group in the Corvin Passage builds their barricade near petrol pumps, ensuring a steady supply of molotov fuel.

As dawn breaks rebels in Calvin Square take on five Soviet tanks without retreating.

All throughout Budapest, insurgents seize telephone exchanges, requisition lorries and attack garages, barracks and

arsenals to supply arms and ammunition.

Nagy is assigned Prime Minister, which does absolutely nothing to calm fighting. His first act as liberal premier is to declare martial law with the death penalty in effect for carrying arms.

October 25-November 6, Hungary: All across Budapest fighting youths destroy tanks with tactics drummed into them at school in praise of Soviet resistance to German forces in World War II. Anti-tank tactics include loosening cobblestone, then soaping the road or pouring oil over it. Rebels use liquid soap to great success in Moricz Zsigmund Square. Kids take bales of silk from a Party shop in Szena Square and turn tanks into sitting targets after spreading the silk out and oiling it.

A 13 year old takes on a 75-ton tank with three petrol bombs,

while another defends a street crossing with a machine-gun for three days and nights.

On his way home, a chemical engineer spots some children with empty bottles. He tells them to use nitroglycerine instead of gasoline, so they all go to their school laboratory where the engineer helps them to synthesize enough nitroglycerine to make 100 bottle bombs. The engineer goes home to eat and sleep, and the kids go out to have some fun.

While the army and police are generally sympathetic, insurgents hunt down and kill the secret police (AVH or AVO) by the dozens. AVO are paid three times more than workers, shop in special subsidized stores, and vacation in a holiday village by Lake Balaton and cooperate with the Russians, are subsequently seen

laying dead or hanging in the streets with money found on them stuffed in their mouths. Rebels kill 234 AVOs in toto. *Believe me, recalls one rebel, We are not sadists, but we can't bring ourselves to regret those kinds of people.*

Even Russian soldiers are not treated in the bitter way of the AVOs. No Russian corpses are found lynched or mutilated, in fact, many Soviet troops avoid fights with the population they've been peacefully stationed with for years. Some troops—primarily from Russian minorities—desert and encourage others to also.

A general strike spreads across Hungary, while workers ransack the Soviet stores, removing and burning the writings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. Black flags appear to mourn the dead, and heavily fought over barricades hold consensus-based

meetings to decide tactics.

On the 26th, rebels storm the police building in Csepel and release its prisoners. Thousands are let out of forced labor camps and 17,000 from the country's prisons. Most prisoners' crime: petty theft. Police Chief Kopacsi, who later receives a life sentence, lets out all political prisoners and rebels on the first day of fighting.

Farmers work to keep a steady flow of bread, flour and vegetables into the surging towns. Bakers work non-stop to ensure rebels and strikers are fed.

1965

January 2, Naples: Spanish anarchists of the CNT, FAI, and FIJL detonate a bomb at the Spanish Consulate. *As long as the Iberian people*

continue to be oppressed by the fascist dictatorship, dynamite will recall that the voice of freedom cannot be choked. Long live anarchy.

1966

February 24, United States: *Barry Bondhus* dumps 10 pounds of his own shit on draft files.

April 30, Vatican: 1st of May Group kidnaps Monsignor Ussia, Ecclesiastical Counselor to the Spanish Embassy to the Vatican.

1967

August 20, England: 1st of May Group attacks the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square with a drive-by machine gunning. *Stop criminal murder of the American Army. Solidarity with all people battling against*

Yankee fascism all over the world. Rascism no. Freedom for American Negroes. Revolutionary Solidarity Movement.

1969

February 3, London: Bombs are planted at the Bank of Spain and the Bank of Bilbao, but they fail to detonate.

February 6, Liverpool: A Bank of Spain is bombed.

March 15, London: A bomb explodes in the Bank of Bilbao, and anarchists *Alan Barlow* and *Phil Carver* are arrested. A communiqué is found in their possession. *Sirs, the imprisonments, deportations, and murders suffered by the people of Spain since their subjection in the Civil War, the garrotes, and those who died by the hand of Francisco Franco oblige us to respond. The blood of our siblings is as precious to us as money and*

property is to Spanish capitalists and their Wall Street colleagues. Let them hear this week another noise other than the clink of their bloodied silver. Cease the repression. If not, expect more widespread reprisals. The International 1st of May Group

August 16, England: A firebomb explodes in the home of far-right Tory MP Duncan Sandys.

August 17, London: Following the deployment of British troops to Northern Ireland, an Irish civil rights march climaxes in anarchist **Ian Purdie** throwing a firebomb through a window of the Ulster Office in Salville Row.

August 19, Brighton: A bomb is thrown into an army recruiting office.

October 15, London: The Imperial War Museum is firebombed.

1970

January 28, Paris: The offices of the Spanish Cultural attaché is bombed.

February 28, Paris: There is a bomb attack on the Bank of Bilbao and the Spanish State Railways.

May 4, London: The American Embassy in Grosvenor Square is firebombed in response to the killings by the American National Guard at Kent State.

Over the following week, hundreds of military buildings on college campuses all across America are set on fire.

May 10, Europe: Attacks against Iberian Airlines occur across the continent.

Amsterdam: A firebomb explodes in an airport.

London: An incendiary device is discovered aboard an Iberian Airlines plane at Heathrow.

Frankfurt: A firebomb explodes in an airport.

May 19, England: The Wembley Conservative Association is firebombed.

May 22, Paddington: A high explosive device left by The Angry Brigade fails to detonate at an under-construction police station.

May 22, Paris: Simultaneous attacks take place on British Rails, Rolls Royce, and Rover offices.

June 10, England: The Brixton Conservative Association is firebombed.

June 18, England: The Lambeth Court is firebombed.

June 30, London: Kimber Road Army depot is firebombed.

July 3, Paris and London: There are simultaneous bomb attacks against Spanish State Tourist offices and the Spanish and Greek Embassies.

July 7, England: Firebombs explode in a South London Army recruiting office as well as the Army Officer Training Centre in Holborn.

July 10, Stoke Newington: The home of a retired policeman is firebombed.

August 18, London: A bomb goes off in the Iberia Airlines Office on Regent Street.

August 30, England: The Angry Brigade detonates a bomb at the home of the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir John Waldron.

Dear Boss, You have been sentenced to death by the revolutionary tribunal for crimes of oppression against many who are opposed to the capitalist regime that you keep in power, The executioner has been severely reprimanded for failing. We will make no further mistakes. ~ Butch Cassidy, The Sundance Kid, P.P. the Tribunal.

September 8, Chelsea: The Angry Brigade bombs the Home of Attorney General, Sir Peter Rawlinson.

September 21, England: The Wimbledon Conservative Association is firebombed.

September 26, Europe: Attacks aimed at Iberia Airlines rock the continent.

Geneva: A bomb explodes in an airport.

Frankfurt: An explosion damages an airport.

Paris: A bomb explodes in an airport.

London: 1st of May Group blows up a lounge in Heathrow.

Close by Heathrow, a bomb explodes outside a Barclays Bank and the Hampstead Conservative Association is firebombed.

October 8, England: Attorney General Rawlinson gets his again from **The Angry Brigade** since the first attack on his home goes unreported (due to the media's fear of the spread of urban guerilla warfare).

October 9, Europe: There are attacks against Italian businesses and government centers on behalf of *Giuseppe Pinelli*, an Italian anarchist murdered by police when they threw him from a window, feigning a suicide in 1969.

MANCHESTER: The Italian consulate is bombed.

LONDON: The Italian Trade Center and Exhibition Building is

bombed.

BIRMINGHAM: The Italian consulate is bombed.

PARIS: The Italian State building is bombed.

October 24, Greenford: During the Council workers' strike, a bomb explodes in the office of the cleaning department.

October 26, England: The Administration building on Keele University campus is firebombed, as well as the Barclays Bank at Stoke Newington.

November 20, London: The Angry Brigade bombs a BBC van outside Albert Hall while covering the Miss World contest. Host Bob Hope comments *Anyone who wants to interrupt something as beautiful as this must be on some kind of dope.*

November 27, Manila: Bolivian surrealist painter, *Benjamin Mendoza*

Flores, tires to kill Pope Paul VI. Disguised as a priest, **Flores** inflicts upon the pontiff a serious chest wound, an action in opposition to hypocrisy and superstition.

December 3, London: The Angry Brigade machineguns the Spanish Embassy.

December 5, England: *Brothers and Sisters: We expect the news of the machinegunning of the Spanish Embassy in London on Thursday night to be suppressed by the bourgeois Press... It's the third time over the last month that the system has dropped the mask of the so-called 'freedom of information' and tried to hide the fact of its vulnerability. 'They' know the truth behind the BBC the day before the Miss World farce; 'they' know the truth behind the destruction of property of High Court judges; 'they' know the truth behind the four Barclays Banks which were either burned or badly destroyed;*

*'they' also know that active opposition to their system is spreading. **The Angry Brigade** doesn't claim responsibility for everything. We can make ourselves heard in one way or another. We machine-gunned the Spanish Embassy last night in solidarity with our Basque brothers and sisters. We were careful not to hit the pigs guarding the building as representatives of British capital in fascist Spain. If Britain co-operates with France over this 'legal' lynching by shutting the truth away, we will take more careful aim next time.*

SOLIDARITY & REVOLUTION. LOVE. Communiqué, *The Angry Brigade*
December 7, England: *Fascism & oppression will be smashed. Embassies (Spanish Embassy machine gunned Thursday) High Pigs, Spectacles, Judges, Property ... Communiqué 1. *The Angry Brigade**

December 9, London: Two calls to the press force police to search the

Department of Employment and Productivity in St James Square. Shortly after police exit the building an **Angry Brigade** bomb explodes in the basement. The attack comes in the early morning hours the day after a large demonstration against the Tories' Industrial Bill. *Success. Min. E. & Prod. Communiqué 2. The Angry Brigade*

Winter Issue 'IT' magazine: Bombings like the one at the Department of Employment and Productivity is said to be part of *a planned series of attacks on capitalist and government property... we will answer their force with our class violence. Communiqué 4. The Angry Brigade.*

1971

January 12, Barnet: Thousands of people strike and march against the Industrial Relations Bill.

The Angry Brigade bombs the home of Robert Carr, Minister of Employment. First explosion is at 10:05 pm, the second at 10:20 pm, throwing police investigators to the ground. *Robert Carr got it tonight. We're getting closer. The Angry Brigade*

Six Conservative Party headquarters bombed as well. Top cabinet members are put under constant police guard after a few receive threats. *The Angry Brigade is after Heath now. We're getting closer.*
January 15, England: While Scotland Yard is frantically rounding up and questioning all the hippies and radicals they can get their hands on, in addition to questioning family members of known anarchists, and the *Daily Mirror* is offering a £10,000 reward for information concerning anyone connected to the recent bombings, later-alleged Angry Brigade member, *Jim Greenfield*, appears in court under the

name Caddick and gets off with a fine for forging checks.

January 18, Glasgow: The South African Airways office is firebombed.

January 25, Glasgow: The home of the Lord Provost of Glasgow is bombed.

January 27, England: The Press Association receives the following communiqué: *We are no mercenaries. We attack property not people. Carr, Rawlinson, Waldron, would all be dead if we had wished. Fascists and government agents are the only ones who attack the public—the fire-bombing of the West Indian party in South London, the West End cinema bomb. British democracy is based on more blood, terror, and exploitation than any empire in history. Has a brutal police force whose crimes against people the media will not report. Now its government has declared vicious class war. Carr's Industrial Relations Bill aims to make it a one-sided war.*

We have started to fight back and the war will be won by the organised working class, with bombs.

Communiqué 5. The Angry Brigade

January 30, England: Warriors firebomb the Slough Conservative Office.

February 19, Essex: Local newspaper receives a phone call from “an Angry Brigade spokesperson” claiming the next bombing campaign will be aimed at Conservative Party policy regarding South Africa, and the *Times* publishes the next communiqué: *FELLOW REVOLUTIONARIES ... We have sat quietly and suffered the violence of the system for too long. We are being attacked daily. Violence does not only exist in the army, the police and the prisons. It exists in the shoddy alienating culture pushed out by TV films and magazines, it exists in the ugly sterility*

of urban life. It exists in the daily exploitation of our Labour, which gives big Bosses the power to control our lives and run the system for their own ends. How many Rolls Royce... how many Northern Irelands... how many anti-Trade Union bills will it take to demonstrate that in a crisis of capitalism the ruling class can only react by attacking the people politically? But the system will never collapse or capitulate by itself. More and more workers now realise this and are transforming union consciousness into offensive political militancy. In one week, one million workers were on strike... Fords, Post Office, BEA, oil delivery workers... Our role is to deepen the political contradictions at every level. We will not achieve this by concentrating on 'issues' or by using watered down socialist platitudes. In Northern Ireland the British army and its minions have found a practising range: the CS gas and bullets in Belfast will be in Derby and Dagenham tomorrow. OUR attack is

violent... Our violence is organised. The question is not whether the revolution will be violent. Organised militant struggle and organised terrorism go side by side. These are the tactics of the revolutionary class movement. Where two or three revolutionaries use organised violence to attack the class system... there is The Angry Brigade. Revolutionaries all over England are already using the name to publicise their attacks on the system. No revolution was ever won without violence. Just as the structures and programmes of a new revolutionary society must be incorporated into every organised base at every point in the struggle, so must organised violence accompany every point of the struggle until, armed the revolutionary working class overthrows the capitalist system.

COMMUNIQUE 6. The Angry Brigade.

February 27, London: After a meeting for an underground newspaper,

later-alleged **Angry Brigade** members *Anna Mendelson* and *Jim Greenfield* and friends get arrested at a pub after the owner calls the cops concerning his shady-looking customers. Police find speed, dope, and a stolen checkbook, which the group gets charged with. Everyone gives fake information and is bailed out.

March 18, London: During a major strike of Ford workers in England the main offices of the Ford Motor Company at Gants Hill, Ilford, is wrecked by a powerful **Angry Brigade** explosion. A communiqué arrives shortly after:

COMRADES! Two months ago we blew up Carr's house. Revolutionary violence through the high walls of English liberalism. Apart from a short communiqué we remained silent since... Why?... who is The Angry Brigade... what are its political objectives... a lot of criticism was directed toward vague

directions... they called us the Special Branch, the Front, Anarcho-nuts, Commies, Bomb-mob, the lot... we believe that the time has come for an honest dialogue... with any comrade who cares to address us... through the Underground Press... through anything. Look around you brother and sister... look at the barriers... don't breathe... don't love, don't strike, don't make trouble... DON'T.

The politicians, the leaders, the rich, the big bosses, are in command ... THEY control. WE, THE PEOPLE, SUFFER... THEY have tried to make us mere functions of a production process. THEY have polluted the world with chemical waste from their factories. THEY shoved garbage from their media down our throats. THEY made us absurd sexual caricatures, all of us, men and women. THEY killed, napalmed, burned us into soap, mutilated us, raped us.

It's gone on for centuries.

Slowly we started understanding the BIG CON. We saw that they had defined 'our possibilities.' They said: You can demonstrate... between police lines. You can have sex... in the normal position and as a commodity; commodities are good. You can rally in defence of the TUC... The 'leadership' is wise.

THEY used confusing words like 'public' or the 'National Interest.' Is the Public some kind of 'Dignified Body' which we belong to, only until we go on strike? Why are we reduced then to dreaded scroungers, ruining the country's economy? Is 'National Interest' anything more than THEIR interest?

Lately we started seeing through another kind of con: There is a certain kind of professional who claims to represent us... the MPs, the

Communist Party, the Union leaders, the Social Workers, the old-old left... All these people presumed to act on our behalf. All these people have certain things in common... THEY always sell us out... THEY are all afraid of us... THEY'LL preach towards keeping the peace... and we are bored... poor... and very tired of keeping the peace.

The Angry Brigade BECAME A REALITY we knew that every moment of badly paid boredom in a production line was a violent crime. We had rejected all the senile hierarchies and ALL the structures, the liars, the poverty pimps, the Carrs, the Jacksons, the Rawlinsons, the Bob Hopes, the Waldrons ...

To believe that OUR struggle could be restricted to the channels provided to us by the pigs, WAS THE GREATEST CON. And we started hitting them.

January 12 was important ... we shattered the blackouts of the yellow Press ... hundreds of years of Imperialism... millions of victims of colonisation were breaking up... all the suppressed frustration, all the glow of unleashed energy was blowing our minds... Carr was totally unimportant... he was just a symbol... we could have killed the bastard... or Powell or Davies ... or any pig.

Then we were scared... like any newly born baby opening our eyes to a gigantic glow—we got frightened... every knock, every word became a menace... but simultaneously we realised that our panic was minute compared to the panic of the Mirrors and the Habershons AND IT FLASHED: WE WERE INVINCIBLE... because we were everybody.

THEY COULD NOT JAIL US FOR WE DID NOT EXIST

We started daring out into the open, talking to friends, to neighbours,

*to people in the pubs, in football games... and we knew we were not alone...
WE WERE ALIVE AND GROWING!*

COMRADES!

Brothers and sisters we hardly know have been picked up, framed, intimidated, harassed. The McCarthy's, the Prescotts, the Purdies are all INNOCENT. The pigs need scapegoats.

Our Power is the 6 Conservative Offices petrol bombed on January 13, the Altringham generator which was blown out are all answers of the Revolutionary movement to our call .

We are certain that every single day that these comrades stay behind bars will be avenged... Even if it means that some of the Pigs will lose their lives.

Three weeks ago we nearly blew up Jackson's headquarters. We

knew he had to sell out. We wanted to hit him BEFORE he did the damage. But inside us we carry the remnants of liberalism and irrationality... burdens of our past we have tried to shed. He beat us to it... HE SOLD OUT... Let the working brothers and sisters be our jury.

This time we knew better: it's FORD TONIGHT. We are celebrating the hundred years of the Paris Commune. We are celebrating our REVOLUTION which won't be controlled.

Our revolution is autonomous rank and file action—we create it OURSELVES. We have confidence now... we don't have to wait for them to dangle something tempting like a Powell, a Bill, or a bad apple in front of our faces, before we jump like rabbits. We don't clutch desperately at the illusion of FREEDOM. Our strategy is clear: How can we smash the system? How can the people take Power?

We must ATTACK, we cannot delegate our desire to take the offensive. Sabotage is a reality... getting out of the factory is not the only way to strike... stay in and take over. We are against any external structure, whether it's called Carr, Jackson, IS, CP, or SLL is irrelevant—they're all one and the same.

WE BELIEVE IN THE AUTONOMOUS WORKING CLASS. WE ARE PART OF IT. AND WE ARE READY TO GIVE OUR LIVES FOR OUR LIBERATION.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Communiqué 7. The Angry Brigade

March 30, Belfast: Warriors attempt to firebomb Queens University.

April 1, London: The home of the headmaster of Roydale School is firebombed.

April 5, England: There's an arson attempt at Gosport Conservative Tory Club and a bomb is left in Leicester Square.

April 22, London: The Whitechapel Barclays Bank is firebombed. The arson occurs the first day of the trial of anarchists ***Jake Prescott*** and ***Ian Purdie***. The State charges them with conspiring to cause explosions between July 1970 and March 1971, as well as executing the November 20th firebombing of the Miss World van and the December 9th bombing of the Department of Employment and Productivity.

April 28, London: *The Times* receives a liquid bomb in the mail. *From the Vengeance Squad, The Angry Brigade, the People's Army. We will use these. Many of them in June and July. Revolution Now.*

May 1, London: The Angry Brigade blows-up Biba's boutique,

successfully alienating the political and fashion wings of the English underground from each other.

IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY BEING BORN, YOU'RE BUSY BUYING.

All the sales girls in the flash boutiques are made to dress the same and have the same make-up, representing the 1940s. In fashion as in everything else, capitalism can only go backwards—they've nowhere to go—they're dead.

The future is ours. Life is so boring there is nothing to do except spend all our wages on the latest skirt or shirt.

Brothers and Sisters, what are your real desires? Sit in the drugstore, look distant, empty, bored, drinking some tasteless coffee? Or perhaps BLOW IT UP or BURN IT DOWN. The only thing you can do with modern slave-houses—called boutiques—IS WRECK THEM. You can't reform profit

capitalism and inhumanity. JUST KICK IT TILL IT BREAKS.

Revolution. Communiqué 8. The Angry Brigade.

May 22, Paris: Bombs explode at the British Rail Offices, a Rolls Royce showroom, and a supplier of Land-Rovers. An open letter addressed to English PM, Ted Heath (who is visiting Paris at the time), accompanies the explosions. The letter is from the **International Revolutionary Solidarity Movement**, **1st of May**, **The Angry Brigade**, **Group Commune 71**, and **Groupe Marius Jacob**, and condemns the Common Market and protests the treatment of *Purdie* and *Prescott*.

May 22, London: The Press Association receives a phone call: *This is The Angry Brigade. We've just done the police computer.* Shortly after the attack, a communiqué surfaces.

WE are getting closer. We are slowly destroying the long tentacles of the

oppressive State machine... secret files in the universities, work study in the factories, the census at home, social security files, computers, TV, Giro passports, work permits, insurance cards. Bureaucracy and technology used against the people... to speed up our work, to slow down our minds and actions to obliterate the truth.

Police computers cannot tell the truth. They just record our 'crimes'. The pig murders go unrecorded. Stephen McCarthy Peter Savva, David Owale—The murder of these brothers is not written on any secret card.

We will avenge our brothers.

If they murder another brother or sister, pig blood will flow in the streets.

168 explosions last year. Hundreds of threatening telephone calls to govt, bosses, leaders.

The AB is the man or woman sitting next to you. They have guns in their pockets and anger in their minds.

WE ARE GETTING CLOSER.

OFF THE SYSTEM AND ITS PROPERTY.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

Communique 9. The Angry Brigade.

June 1, England: *The Times* receives another communiqué.

If Heath and Rippon contrive to enter the Common Market without seeking the opinion of the British people they will be on the receiving end of a bullet. This is no idle threat. The Angry Brigade

June 22, England: At the height of a labor dispute between Ford and militant workers, **The Angry Brigade** bombs the home of Ford Chairman, William Batty, and the Ford Dagenham Plant.

JOHN DILLON'S IN; WE WON.

*BATTY AND HIS TRANSFORMER'S OUT; WE WON AGAIN. PUT THE BOOT IN.
BOGSIDE-CLYDESIDE. SUPPORT THE ANGRY SIDE. SPREAD THE WORD.
POWER TO THE PEOPLE.*

COMMUNIQUE 10. The Angry Brigade.

July 31, England: Despite round-the-clock police protection, **The Angry Brigade** bombs the home of Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, John Davies, who has recently announced the closing of the Upper Clydeside shipbuilding yard.

DAVIES IS A LYING BASTARD

He hides the deliberate rundown of heavy industry, the rundown of investment in the traditionally depressed areas, that's never been much anyway, by saying that the closures at UCS are just the result of bad

management. And the bloody management won't suffer anyway. The conditions he's made for the new company are tough only for the workers who have to sign once and for all a contract they can't fight according to the Industrial Relations Bill.

Davies 'courageously' says the government won't support lame ducks. Yet 2 weeks ago the government put a massive investment in Harland and Wolff. A political move to keep capitalism going at any cost in the face of the people's uprising.

VICTORY TO THE WORKERS ON THE CLYDESIDE.

We'd like to say to you to watch out for all the vultures who'll be flying to Clydeside to tell you what to do. The same people who signed the productivity deals that started the redundancy ball rolling are now trying to feed off your struggle. If there's going to be an occupation it's got to be for real. Take the

yards from the bosses and keep them. The Labour Party, the Unions and their minions, the CP with its productivity craze, the same bastards who always sell us out, will try to fob you off with gestures like one day strikes and one day occupations, petitions, etc., which will achieve bugger all.

YOU ARE YOUR OWN LEADERS. HAVE YOUR OWN TACTICS. CONTROL YOUR OWN STRUGGLE—SOLIDARITY

BOGSIDE, CLYDESIDE, JOIN THE ANGRY SIDE

Communique 11. The Angry Brigade.

August 15, Holloway: A bomb explodes at an army recruiting office.

August 17, London: Authorities find an **Angry Brigade** communique while raiding 90 Talbot Road, headquarters of the Notting Hill People's Association. The communique becomes known as The Moonlighter's Cell Communique, a nod to 19th century Irish

revolutionary Captain Moonlight.

Over 5,500 refugees, 2,000 homeless, over 20 dead in two days, 230 imprisoned without charge or trial, the six occupied counties of Ireland are terrorised by the gunmen in khaki. This war of terror is carried out in the name of the British people. THIS IS A SLANDEROUS LIE. The British Imperialist Campaign in Ireland is waged only to safeguard the fat profits of a few rich pigs and power crazy politicians.

We warn all unemployed brothers and sisters.

Do not be fooled by the army recruiting campaign. An army career isn't fun in the sun and learning a useful trade, if you join you'll be trained in Belfast, Derry and all the other working class ghettos in Northern Ireland to murder and brutalise ordinary working class people. The training will come in useful when the boss class sends the troops into Clydeside, Merseyside,

Tyneside, Birmingham, London and all the working class districts throughout Britain. To any unemployed worker thinking of joining up we ask you one question:

— WHICH WAY WILL YOU POINT YOUR GUN WHEN THE OFFICERS ORDER YOU AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF YOUR OWN TOWN? Who will you shoot when your parents, brothers and sisters are in sight of your gun?

The British boss class has lined its pockets with the accumulated profits of 700 years of exploitation of the Irish working people. Now they are killing to defend these profits.

THE ANGRY BRIGADE ADVISES THE BRITISH RULING CLASSES TO GET OUT OF IRELAND AND TAKE THEIR PUPPETS (LYNCH, FAULKNER, ETC) WITH THEM.

ANGRY BRIGADE, MOONLIGHTER'S CELL. POINT YOUR GUN.

August 20, London: The home of *Hillary Creek*, *Anna Mendelson*, *John Barker* and *Jim Greenfield* is raided by the Special Branch. *Mendelson* and *Greenfield* are immediately hauled off. Authorities allegedly then find the Beretta from the 1967 machine-gunning of the American Embassy, detonators, gelignite and the John Bull printing set supposedly used to produce communiqués. Police bring *Creek* and *Barker* into the kitchen to show them the evidence, to which the two gesture and say it belongs to **The Angry Brigade**. Both burst out laughing and *Creek* makes for the kitchen window.

The four libertarian-socialists who have been working on *Purdie* and *Prescott's* defense, as well as *Chriss Bott* and anarchist *Stuart Christie* are all charged with conspiring to cause explosions

between January 1, 1968 and August 21, 1971, possessing explosive substances for an unlawful purpose, possessing a pistol without a firearms certificate, possessing eight rounds of ammunition without a firearms certificate, possessing two machine guns without the authority of the Secretary of the State, possessing 36 rounds of ammunition without a firearms certificate. In addition, Barker and Greenfield are charged with possessing explosive substances and receiving a stolen vehicle. *Creek* gets the additional stolen vehicle charge as well, and *Christie* gets two counts of possessing explosive substances.

The State will later charge *Angela Weir* and *Kate McClean* with **Angry Brigade** actions, and accuse all eight of some participation in the 25 different bombings.

September 10, England: The Ipswich Court is firebombed.

September 16, England: An unexploded bomb is found in the officers' messhall at Dartmouth Prison.

September 20, England: A bomb explodes under the Chelsea Bridge across the way from an army barracks.

September 24, England: Warriors bomb the Albany Street Army Barracks just down the street from Special Branch's Bomb Squad Headquarters.

October 15, Glasgow: Firebombs explode at the Maryhill Army Barracks.

October 20, Birmingham: During a strike The Angry Brigade bombs the home of building contractor, Christopher Bryant.

The Angry Brigade bombing of Chris Bryant's home in Birmingham has

brought attention to the activities of the Bryant building combine. For two weeks workers on a Bryant site have been on strike demanding a flat rate of one pound an hour and the end of 'the lump'—a pool of self-employed non-union men available for hire.

The blast badly damaged the front of Bryant's six bedroomed house but as with other AB bombings, didn't hurt anyone .

Capitalism is a vicious circle.

People's sweat and blood is used and exploited. They make us produce shit... they give us next to nothing while their class pockets huge profits... the ruling class... the Bryants of this world.

Then, when we put the overalls aside, we clean up the muck from our faces and we take the boring bus or train home and they suddenly transform us into consumers. In other words when we are not working they

make us buy . . the same shit we produced. The miserable wage packet they gave us they make us spend on useless food, on machines specially designed to break down and on houses we know look and feel like prisons.

Prisons we helped build. And paid (more specifically promised to pay over the next twenty years for we never have enough dough to pay for a house or a car or anything for that matter—they have to exploit us even more by making us pay interest) for them. We build the prisons and then we live in them. We produce shit and then we eat it.

Producers of shit—consumers of shit.

There are many of our brothers and sisters inside. An old revolutionary once called prisons 'an occupational hazard'. A hazard which may hit any person who chooses to take a action. But to lose a finger, a limb, your lungs—any accident at work—this too is an occupational hazard. Look

at the safety precautions on Bryant's sites—none at all. Not only a limb but your life. So what's the bloody difference?

Chris Bryant made £1,714,857 profit last year—a 25 per cent rise on 1969. He does it by a cocktail of high society, high finance and a lot of corruption. He has clinched his deals for the redevelopment of Birmingham on the golf courses of Solihull with Corporation Councillors. The Councillors oblige by charging high rents on the Council estates—like Chelmsley Wood—to pay high prices to Bryant for his contracts. Now he's buying up land around Solihull to sell to the same Council who will give him the contracts to develop it, with our money. No one should be conned that the Birmingham Mail is anything other than the Bryant broadsheet either. A man who lives in a mock Tudor village ('Windways', Jacobean Road, Knowle) doesn't have to worry about the next HP installment, doesn't have to nick a can of paint

from work to make his house look decent, doesn't have to worry about draughts. (But today... did we say Windways?) We'll hit million for million... We'll follow him from Tudor village to Tudor village.

Twenty five years we've waited in Birmingham for a building strike. Bryant hit us and bullied us with the lump. By hitting Bryant we're hitting the lump too. The Woodgate Valley stands for class solidarity and Revolution. The Workers have taken their stand. Sabotage in the place of work is a reality. The bosses are beginning to feel the undiluted power of the people. The people are hitting back.

The Brigade is hitting back.

Now we are too many to know each other.

Yet we recognise all those charged with crimes against property as our brothers and sisters. The Stoke-Newington 6, the political prisoners in

Northern Ireland are all prisoners of the class war.

We are not in a position to say whether any one person is or isn't a member of the Brigade. All we say is: the Brigade is everywhere.

Without any Central Committee and no hierarchy to classify our members, we can only know strange faces as friends through their actions. We love them, we embrace them as we know others will. Other cells, sections, groups.

*LET TEN MEN AND WOMEN MEET WHO ARE RESOLVED ON THE
LIGHTENING OF VIOLENCE RATHER THAN THE LONG AGONY OF SURVIVAL;
FROM THIS MOMENT DESPAIR ENDS AND TACTICS BEGIN.*

POWER TO THE PEOPLE. THE BRIGADE IS ANGRY.

November 1, England: The Army Tank Headquarters is attacked.

November 6, Europe: Attacks against banks and government

buildings occur across the continent in solidarity with the Stoke Newton 6 (those facing charges for **Angry Brigade** actions) and Italian anarchists in the same situation.

Amsterdam: A bomb explodes at the Lloyd Bank.

Barcelona: A bomb damages the British Embassy.

Basle: A bomb rocks the Italian Consulate.

Rome: A bomb explodes at the British Embassy.

1972

January 22, England: A letter bomb is sent to an MP at the House of Commons.

1973

November 10, Milton Keynes: The Band of Mercy enters the under-

construction Hoechst Pharmaceutical vivisection lab and sets a fire, resulting in £26,000 worth of damage.

November 16, West Berlin: The Revolutionary Cells attack the corporate property of ITT, because of their ties with Pinochet.

November 16, Milton Keynes: The Band of Mercy revisits the Hoechst lab and sets another fire, this time only causing £20,000 worth of property destruction. *The building was set fire to in an effort to prevent the torture and murder of our animal brothers and sisters by evil experiments. We are a non-violent guerrilla organization dedicated to the liberation of animals from all forms of cruelty and persecution at the hands of mankind. Our actions will continue until our aims are achieved.*

1974

February 17, DC: Piloting a stolen helicopter, disgruntled US Army Private **Robert Preston** hovers around the White House for six minutes. When returning to Fort Meade, **Preston** is pursued by two Police helicopters (one of which his maneuvers force to the ground) and decides to retreat back to the White House where the Executive Protection Service fires shotguns and submachine guns causing **Preston** to land.

February 22, Baltimore: *Allow me to introduce myself—my name is Sam Byck. I intend to... gain entrance to the cockpit of a commercial airplane. I intend to instruct the pilot to fly the plane to the target area. I intend to shoot the pilot and fly the plane into the Executive Mansion.* Lone assassin **Byck** attempts to hijack a DC-9 aircraft using two one-gallon gasoline jugs

and a handgun stolen from a friend, in hopes of killing President Richard M. Nixon. Disillusioned with capitalism and the handful of protests he has attended, **Byck** drives to the airport and shoots a security officer before storming the plane. He then shoots the pilots who refuse to take off until the wheel blocks are removed and begins yelling at a passenger to fly the plane. Police shoot **Byck** who then blows his brains all over the instrument panel. The action (dubbed *Operation Pandora's Box* by **Byck**) is extensively documented using a tape recorder.

1976

February 23, Milan: Police attack a march heading towards the Duomo Cathedral where pro-lifer anti-communists and neo-fascists are attending a mass in defense of life. In responses to the assault, the

crowd sets eight cars and an Iranian airline office on fire.

March 13, Rozzano: At the Knipping engineering factory, noted for its anti-worker reprisals and for enforcing a 60/70 hour work week, about 60 workers break in through the gates, destroy adding machines, typewriters, windows, and machinery.

March 14, Rome: A group of 20 launches molotovs at the Spanish embassy over the police-killing of seven workers in Spain. Italian police respond by opening fire into the crowd, wounding *Luigi De Angelis* and killing passing worker Mario Marotta.

May 14, Turin: Prisoners refuse to return to their cells following their exercise period.

May 30, South Vittore: Prisoners occupy the roof of their cell block until a fellow prisoner who's been placed in the hole is returned to

his cell.

September 30, Campobasso: After their escape attempt is discovered, four Italian prisoners barricade themselves and two warders in a cell. The four come out 24 hours later only after a press conference has taken place and some of the horrible prison conditions have been exposed.

October 6, Catania: Italian prisoners riot, destroying a third of their prison. When police regain control, two inmates are found dead with knife wounds.

October 6, Favignana: A prisoner takes a judge hostage, explaining his actions are against the *brutal State repression directed toward the physical elimination of combatants inside the prison.*



August, 2016

Well, it's been a little over a decade since I walked away from *Smert za Smert*, a project I have mixed feelings about.

Inspired by the chronologies in *Green Anarchy* and the tenacity of revolutionaries in Paul Avrich's *The Russian Anarchists* I tried to do something impossible: find and document every anarchist attack since Bakunin escaped Siberian exile in 1866 up to the time I was writing in 2005-2006.

I knew *Smert* would always be incomplete, but where I left it ten years ago ended up being incredibly lopsided. It started off strong, dealing mainly with Propaganda by the Deed, followed by a dry spell through most of the 1930s and '70s, punctuated with some Lettrist stunts and a few Angry Brigade communiques. Then came a

mind-numbing amount of animal liberations (which end up making up almost two thirds of the booklet) with a few environmental sabotages and arsons towards the end. Though I still see the well-being and autonomy of non-human life as vital in any complete anarchist struggle, we've chosen to reprint only the first third of *Smert*--as most if not all of the ALF actions are documented in books and multiple websites, while the Era of Dynamite remains less well known.

As I look back over the text now, so much is missing. In one regard, the booklet you hold in your hands is an abridged history of anarchist direct action and terror. In another it's what was available in a handful of English language books and websites in 2005, added to what I could glean from French, Italian, German, Dutch, Russian—you name it—ones as well. Since I don't know those languages, this is all coming to you via internet translators

from a decade ago. And let me tell you youngsters out there: back then internet translators were real crude.

Reading *Smert* now, I see errors and dead ends that could be quickly resolved with a few internet searches or any number of works written or translated in the last decade. But re-engaging this project lightly is hard to do. Once that starts I begin thinking of all the sources and knowledge available to me now that could be included such as the deicists in Korea and Japan; the expropriators of South America; bombing cells in the Northeast US that predated the Galleanisti, as well as the revenge bombings after Sacco and Vanzetti were killed by the state; waves of bombings, sabotages, and expropriations globally during certain eras like the 1910-1920s and 1960-1970s; and in general the grey area between anarchists and national liberation struggles all around the world. I assume a

careful researching of the latter would help sort the greyness a little and likely uncover a few genuine anarchists as well as some plain tenacious and engaging individuals. There's also the years leading up to the Russian and Spanish Revolutions, which if thoroughly documented could probably bring to light the same level of exploits as the ALF of the 1980s and '90s.

Another element largely missing from the work is the context in which these attacks occurred. Focusing less on collective revolt and uprisings was a disservice to the entries since many of the attacks happened as part of a larger uprising: in response to the repression following one, in the vacuum of its aftermath, or antagonistically in response to different forms of collective struggle. As the text stands now, these are only partially addressed if mentioned at all. Gaetano Bresci, for instance, was a well-respected comrade in

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the Italian anarchist colony in Paterson, New Jersey. They chipped in for his trip to kill the king, and after his death his deed was celebrated, his face and attentat adorned buttons and posters, and his family was taken care of as best as possible. Leon Czolgosz, on the other hand, was a loner with little or no connection to other anarchists. He likely killed McKinley because the thirty years of anarchist assassins beforehand had left him with the impression that that's what anarchists were supposed to do.¹ He died alone, being denounced by most radicals. Other assassins and saboteurs took calculated risks: wanting to use the deed in order to live to

1 To Czolgosz's credit, I assume he killed McKinley in a general way for being a head of state, but he did so specifically to avenge the striking miners killed by the state at the Lattimer mine near Hazleton, Pennsylvania, on September 10, 1897—an event which affected him immensely and is rarely talked about in regards to his deed.

enjoy its benefits—the early era often has these. Later, there're more and more anarchists seemingly looking for intentional martyrdom or engaging in deeds so suicidal their capture and death is almost certain. Poor Luigi Luccheni—whose nightly beatings the nearby dockworkers told time by—likely fits this category. And then there's the walking dead: those whose comrades have all been locked up and killed, while they've for some reason survived—so why not perish in one last beautiful act? As the old proverb goes, “Never kill yourself over politics, but if you're gonna kill yourself you might as well make it political.”

In general, projects like this for me are meant to be incomplete and humbling in a certain way: despite how much we uncover there will always be people, groups, and events unknown to us. So just because *Smert* talks about a prolific individual or group in a

certain place or time and leaves long gaps in others, it doesn't mean those other places didn't have their own instances of resistance.

Nowadays people like to say if it's not on the internet it didn't happen. I think this is meant to be tongue in cheek, but I can't count the number of times friends have been surprised to hear of some event or group of people in a place they've never heard had anarchists before. Pleasant surprise about hearing something new, sure, but shock over the world simply because it's outside of your view of it? No thanks. Life and its repression are happening everywhere.

As the text continued to expand, I wanted to include more riots, uprisings, and other collective acts of resistance involving anarchists or anti-state elements. To me, anarchism as an official ideology has a beginning in the mid-1800s, but as a struggle against hierarchy and domination that we're still playing out it has

almost infinite origins, influences, and protagonists—this is why I am an anarchist, not a Bakuninist or a Kropotkinite. But trying to include more and more of these elements and influences is when the impossible task began to overwhelm me. I took a break and then ultimately left the text much more unfinished than I originally intended.

What's more is I think of these propagandists differently now. So do I re-write the whole thing while I'm at it or let an incomplete project stall indefinitely even though people can glean from it as it is? Ultimately, we need to kill the George Lucases in our heads. As hard as it may be, I want you to see *Smert* as I originally wrote it—warts and all. With the time I'd have spent revising and expanding it, I'll see through current projects with concepts that intrigue and challenge me now. I share this scattered history so you can

make your own heads and tails of the dynamite beast.

As intoxicating as I first found Propaganda by the Deed to be, I gradually found limitations as well. As I try to do in general, I took what made sense to me and respectfully kept going. If extremity originally pulled me towards the deed, in the end it pushed me away as well. As poetic hyperbole, nihilism will always be one of my favorites. And most decent critiques of the world will likely involve some version of the totality, which I think is at nihilism's core. But taken at face value, uh, I guess I don't want to destroy everything—like say, puppies, the electromagnetic field, cultures that have managed to remain at odds with civilization for time immemorial, m&m cookies, catching up with a friend on a crisp fall day. I know. . . I've gone soft.²

But joking aside, I think where I start to have reservations with strands of direct action is when its own logic and morality outweigh both the means and ends, and it begins to take on a life of its own. This is a tricky, grey area since many of the most prolific strands of direct action wield the double-edged sword of subculture. From the Russian nihilists and Galleanisti to the more recent ALF and eco-saboteurs, even those who claim to be rooted in total negation and the destruction of milieus and ideologies still use them. And while subcultures can nourish and enhance groups and individuals as well as push the boundaries of ideas, tactics, and ways of relating to each other, they can also limit, ensnare, and

2 One of the little secrets kept from or by many modern nihilists about their Russian ancestors is that despite their ferocity, when it came down to it, the Russian nihilists wanted a constitutional republic, not nihilism or anarchism. To them nihilism was a means serving a reformist ends.

coerce us as I'm sure many of us know. Where I leave certain tendencies of direct action entirely is when that ethic turns into a sort of a fanaticism that, instead of opening possibilities, sets us on an increasingly narrow path—one usually ending in specialized armed conflict with the state and martyrdom, which I find no glory in.

Nevertheless, I still see direct action and sabotage as vital to any struggles against capital, the state, and any of the names and guises hierarchy conceals itself with. I am a coward, though, or at least I believe that our actions are powerful so when we think about committing them we need to take ourselves seriously. This means assuming we can have an effect on the world both positive and negative (however you wish to define those terms) and need to actually weigh the pros and cons of acting. For instance, if an action is meant as propaganda does the likelihood of opening tactical or

conversational possibilities or boosting morale outweigh the risk of getting caught or increasing repression in ways those around us can't handle (the door getting knocked on, getting taken in for questioning, subpoenaed, charged, etc)?

If the attack is meant as revenge, a personal catharsis or nihilistic negation, in donning the mask of those currents have you also gone down a logic hole that makes you impervious to criticism? Or have you embraced a militancy that looks more for certain slogans or signifiers than what stands behind them?

In general too, though the power it gives you may feel good, there's nothing cool or sexy about setting a standard so high that the options of those around you are to always agree with you, be one step behind, or fail.

We also need to be careful that the image of the deed does

not eclipse the act itself: placing a bomb outside an office that ends up only breaking the glass door maybe isn't as effective as say a blunt object in your hands that does the same thing and doesn't carry the same risks of injury and repression.

These are a few of the many questions that the most fanatical may struggle with privately, but publicly they often fall back on the one-dimensional arguments of “the state is always violent/repressive” or “anyone (however loosely affiliated with us) needs to be able to withstand whatever levels of state repression,” no matter how unrealistic, tactically poor, simplistic, or dangerous those lines of thinking may be.³

Remember too that half of any activity is cleaning your

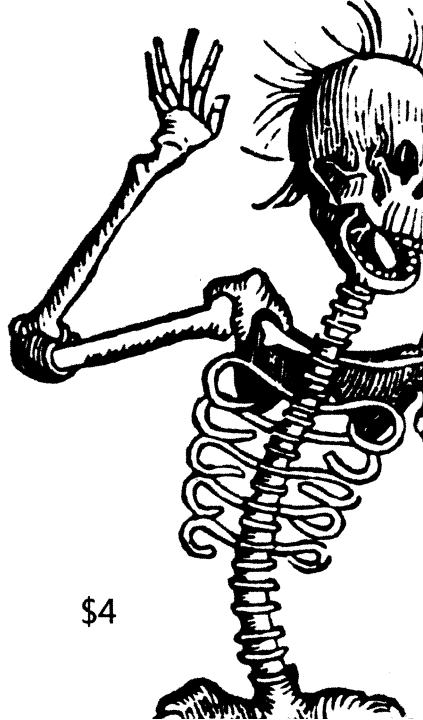
3 There's nothing like an author explaining themselves to really ruin your favorite part of a text, eh?

mess up afterward, which is to say, “Be thorough, and don't get caught.” And honestly, when it comes to direct action, something like breaking a window, pouring bleach in a gas tank, or fucking up an ATM is a fraction of the time and work of the overall task. Scouting beforehand, not leaving a trail in real life or digitally, and not getting caught in those scenarios is maybe closer to 90-95% of the overall action. I stress this because I think at times it gets lost in the romanticism.

Perhaps I'll re-engage *Smert* someday and do a more complete telling of the twists and turns of anarchist attack, but until then I feel the urge to craft other tales that are more relevant to my life now. Despite my relationship to the assassins and saboteurs changing over time as my understanding of the world and anarchism does, the actors in these pages will always have some part of

my heart.

I hope you've enjoyed *Smert* and taken from it what you want.



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